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A detailed prospectus and a copy of the notice to artists will be forwarded on application.
HENRY PERKES, Secretary.
Worcester, April 23, 1856.

EIGHT THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED and TWENTY POUNDS SEVEN SHILLINGS have already been expended in the purchase of Pictures, Drawings, Engravings, Statuettes, for Distribution amongst the Members of the ART UNION of GLASGOW at next meeting.
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66, Gracechurch-street, City, 9th May.

LIVING PICTURES.—Mr. GEORGE L. BUCKLAND'S NEW MUSICAL and PICTORIAL ENTERTAINMENT, MONDAY, MAY 20th, at the REGENT GALLERY.
Regent-street, Mr. George Buckland begs to inform Secretaries of Literary Institutions in town and country that he cannot accept engagements after May 24th.
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CHARLES LEWIS GRUNBEIN, Secretary.

LIBRARIAN.—SOCIETY of KING'S INNS.
NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN, that the Benchers of the Society will proceed in the course of next Trinity Term to elect a LIBRARIAN. Candidates for the Office will be expected to satisfy the Society that they possess a practical knowledge of the Book Trade, and of the character and marketable value of the leading books in the various departments of Literature and Science, and are well acquainted with all requisite details for the superintendence of an extensive Library.
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All persons desirous of becoming Candidates are to send in their Applications and Testimonials on or before the 17th day of May next, addressed to the Under-Treasurer, King's Inns, Henrietta-street, Dublin, who will furnish additional information as to the duties of the Office.
Dated 28th April, 1856.
CONWAY E. DOBBS.

ARCHITECTURAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.—Instituted 1818.
The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Subscribers will be held on THURSDAY EVENING, the 15th May, to receive the Report of the Committee on the general affairs of the Society; the Accounts of Receipts and Expenditure; and for the Election of Officers for the ensuing year.
The Meeting will be held at No. 16, Lower Grosvenor-street, at Eight o'clock precisely, JAMES BELL, Esq., M.P., in the chair.
Members in arrears are requested to send in their subscriptions immediately. The Receipt-books for the Subscription (1856-57), due in advance May 1st, are now ready.
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Encouraged by the dictum of Gibbon, the historian, ("Less and Great the truth is, all the treasures are in the world, and giving one view in a moment," Dr. Bell, looking for an object which might best represent History as a Picture, and at a single glance, and acting upon a hint he received whilst a schoolboy at a foreign institution, found none more appropriate than that of a Stream. The History of Man is a continued, never-ending succession of events, to which the words of the poet are equally applicable as to the flow of a running brook, for which they are originally used, and which, therefore, are brought forward as the "Stream of Time," and the "Stream of Time," or, rather, the simile is the abstract idea of Time presented to our senses, perceptions in the only form intelligible to man.—*Vide Critical Review*, June, 1810.

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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND.

We shall offer no apology for making the late anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund the text for a few observations upon the condition and working of that institution. If any such were needed from a purely literary journal, devoted exclusively to the consideration of literary and artistic topics, and therefore having a special duty to be cognisant of a fund which professes to relieve the distresses of literary men, the internal dissensions which have arisen between two parties of the members (the one headed by Mr. DICKENS, the other by the governing body of the society) would supply an ample excuse.

The intention of the Literary Fund (we take its own definition of itself) is, "to administer assistance to authors of genius and learning, who may be reduced to distress by unavoidable calamities, or deprived, by enfeebled faculties or declining life, of the power of literary exertion." We do not purpose to enter into the history of the society. Its founder, Mr. DAVID WILLIAMS, was, doubtless, a most worthy gentleman, and all who have assisted in carrying out his views have acted, there can be no question, upon the best and most disinterested motives. Our present business is with the manner in which the Literary Fund carries out the objects which it has proposed to itself. In ascertaining this we shall have to deal with both facts and figures—materials which, according to Sir ROBERT PEELE, can be made to prove anything; but as we take the facts and figures from the statements put forward by the managers of the Literary Fund, they, at least, will have no right to complain.

As we have seen, the authors who are to be relieved by the Literary Fund are, in all cases, to be "authors of genius and learning." To place it beyond all possibility of doubt as to the interpretation of this definition, we are furthermore informed that "no writer can come within the views of the Society who has not published a work of intelligence and public value; and something more than talent, however brilliant it be, is invariably exacted." Talent, then, is of no avail. Genius, and genius only, the creative faculty, is to entitle an author to the eleemosynary aid of the society. But here a difficulty presents itself to our mind; genius is so rare, its possessors are so few; of those who are so fortunate as to possess it the majority are successful; where, then, are we to find objects for the charity of the Literary Fund? Where? why, everywhere! The Committee has no difficulty; for it declares that "the objects of the Fund include a very extensive class." Genius is apparently as plentiful as blackberries. We have hitherto been aware of only two contemporary historians whose works exhibit marks of genius, and we believed that both of these were far removed above the necessity of receiving relief from the Literary Fund. Absurd narrow-mindedness! The Committee of the Fund has discovered no less than *ten* historical writers of genius who require relief. Again, we were not aware that we possessed any very great number of poets of undoubted genius; but the Committee of the Literary Fund has discovered no less than *seven* with qualifications sufficiently high and pockets sufficiently empty to come within the scope of the definition. Altogether, the report of grants awarded in 1855 declares that no less than fifty-three authors—of *genius*, be it remembered—received relief from the society during that year. Since the institution of the society no less than 2606 grants (amounting in the whole to 46,500*l.*) have been made to authors of *genius*. Really, we are much better off as regards that rare commodity than we had expected.

These figures bringing us down to the dull level of business, we cannot help taking pencil in hand and jotting down a few calculations as to the pecuniary history of the Fund. And here we must confess that prudence does not seem to have presided over its counsels. One of the chief maxims to be observed by these funds ought to be that *donations are principal*, and that the real income only consists of the subscriptions and the interest of donations. When a man commutes his annual subscription into a donation of ten guineas, what is the *rationale* of the proceeding? Simply that he capitalises his annual contributions. In consequence of that capitalisa-

tion a certain control over the funds of the society is given to him during life; and this proves that his donation is not to be spent at once, but is to form part of the invested capital of the society. It follows, therefore, that every system of management which does not treat donations as capital must be unsound and such is apparently the system of the Royal Literary Fund—as we shall proceed to show, by a brief statement of the accounts as they are laid before the public.

What is the amount of capital which the Fund ought to possess? In the first place, we have a list of the donors and subscribers who have duly qualified themselves to become members of the corporation. This list exhibits donations (exclusive of subscriptions) amounting in the aggregate to something over 20,000*l.* Then we have a list of donors and subscribers who have not qualified as members, a list of miscellaneous benefactors, and a list of legacies. These exhibit altogether capital amounting to 15,000*l.*; the legacies alone (which are indubitably capital) amount altogether to nearly 14,000*l.* Finally, we have a list of deceased benefactors of twenty pounds and upwards, which discloses further capital amounting to about 13,000*l.* We have no account of the deceased donors of under twenty pounds, of whom there must have been a great number; but without including these we have an account of about 48,000*l.* capital moneys subscribed. But what is the fact? Why that the society possesses less than 30,000*l.* of capital; only 21,300*l.* of which has been a voluntary investment—the rest having been tied up and invested by the prudence of a cautious benefactor.

It would be difficult to ascertain what further moneys the society may have received in the way of annual subscriptions; but there can be no doubt that they have been very considerable. The subscriptions for 1855 amounted to 319*l.*; and it may fairly be assumed that they will never sink far below that level. If, then, the total capital of the society (which we may fairly estimate at 50,000*l.*) had been invested in Three per Cents., the dividends would have been 1500*l.*; and this, with the subscriptions, and the income of a freehold estate devised to the Fund and called the Newton Estate, would have brought up the regular income to something more than 2000*l.* per annum, the larger portion of which would be quite certain, and independent of all external influences. Now, the total sum expended by the society in 1855 (and we are informed that it did more in that year than it ever did before) was only 2200*l.* We need scarcely undertake to explain the superiority of the position in which the society would have been placed if this system of capitalising donations had been followed, over that which it now occupies, when it can only depend with certainty upon an income of something under 1100*l.* Everybody knows how money makes money; and it requires but a very slight knowledge of such matters to understand how much faster subscriptions and donations would pour in if it were once understood that the society could depend upon a fair income, derivable from its own investments.

As for the expenditure itself, it appears that, out of 2200*l.* spent last year, only 1665*l.* went towards the objects of the charity. This has been about the proportion observed throughout. For every sovereign contributed, about five shillings goes towards the expenses of the society. How far these expenses are necessary; whether it is requisite to have a set of chambers that cost 200*l.* a year, and a secretary who costs as much more—these are questions which we must leave to Mr. DICKENS and the managing committee to settle between them. We are of opinion that good chambers and a respectable secretary are both necessities, if they can be afforded; but it certainly seems to us a curious and startling fact that, after fifty thousand pounds of capital has been bestowed upon this society, and with donations averaging 850*l.* and subscriptions upwards of 300*l.* pouring in every year, the Committee of the Literary Fund should quote with an air of pride an expenditure of 1665*l.* upon the object of its institution, and speak of it as the largest outlay which it has ever yet been able to accomplish.

Mr. DICKENS urges against the Committee of the Fund that it sets too much store by aristocratic patronage. Perhaps this is true. At any rate, the disposition to seek after such patronage met with a *reductio ad absurdum* on Wednesday the 7th inst. The list of the governing body alone is sufficient to show how completely the aristo-

cratic element overrides the literary element. We abstain from any invidious quotation of names; it is necessary only to run the eye down the list to ascertain that the greatest names in English literature are absent. Why is this? Do they begrudge their donations or their subscriptions? We cannot believe it. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that they are ashamed to see the begging-box going round to all the world for the poor man of letters, and the distribution of the alms entrusted to those who are not his brethren, and who must sympathise with him otherwise than as a brother? When they see a governing body composed of noble patrons of literature (a race very much out of fashion since dedications have gone out of vogue), of *dilettanti literati*, publishers, second and third rate men of letters, and others whose qualifications are not even so respectable as these, is it a matter for surprise that the magnates of the literary world keep aloof? We must confess that we do not wonder at it. Is it unnatural that men of sense should stand aloof from the proceedings of a committee which discovers in one year, among the poor of the literary world, no less than ten historians of genius, and seven poets of the same quality?

Nor because we indicate faults in the proceedings of the governing body of the Literary Fund must it be supposed that we entirely approve of those recommended by Mr. DICKENS and his friends. Of all cliques, a literary clique is the most unmanageable; and, with the highest opinion of Mr. DICKENS's good faith, we should be sorry to see the control of the Fund confided to him and his party—for he has a party. The Committee of Management should include the names of those who are confessedly the *coryphæes* of our literature—men of all schools and classes of opinion—CARLYLE, DICKENS, TENNYSON, MACAULAY, BULWER, ALISON, and the like. We quote names merely as they occur to us, as illustrations of the class of men to which the management of this Fund should be entrusted. The system of management should be, as nearly as possible, that of the French *Société des Gens de Lettres*; which permits none but literary men of the first order to control their funds, and none but literary men of every class to supply them. The public at large and the more fortunate section of the literary world would have no hesitation in entrusting their money to the management of such men; and the poor scholar would have less hesitation in submitting his sensitive troubles to men who could sympathise with him with their heads as well as with their hearts.

There is another point to which we would earnestly invite the attention of those who wish well to the Literary Fund: we mean the definition of its object. What is an author? It has been ruled to mean the writer of a printed book. This is a false construction. The author is the creator of ideas, whether expressed in the pages of a book, or in the wide-spread columns of a newspaper. To confine the definition to the writers of books is to give opportunity for a host of inconsistencies; and the Committee of the Literary Fund will do well to consider, that so long as they exclude journalists from the scope of their operations, they disassociate from themselves the most powerful—aye, and the most intelligent body of literary men of which the country can boast. This may be a hard truth for the authors of compilations and the men of genius who publish unsuccessful spelling-books, but it is true nevertheless.

As for the dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 7th inst., we wish to say very little about it. All who were present will understand what we mean, when we say that it was a humiliating scene to all who had the honour of English literature at heart. With perhaps the single exception of the Bishop of OXFORD (who just popped in for a quarter of an hour, to make, as it were, a starring visit to make a speech) there was not one orator present who could make a speech at all worthy of an occasion which should have drawn together the greatest masters of the English language. The "great guns" of the evening were aliens—Mr. DALLAS and Mr. VAN DE Weyer. With the exception of those great nameless abstractions, the Quarterly Reviewers (some of whom were said to be present), the greatest literary man by profession present was Mr. ROBERT BELL.

With regard to the chairman, we would wish to speak of him with all possible respect—as a brave soldier and an English gentleman; but we fully agreed with him when he frankly confessed that he ought not to have occupied that chair.

It is true that the list of chairmen contains inferior names to that of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE; but we urge it upon the Committee whether for the future they had not better select some gentleman who is really entitled to preside over and address a company of men of letters—some one, at least, who can speak that language with purity which those who are (or ought to be) around him are constantly adorning with the priceless gems of their intelligence. This is only an act of respect which they owe to those whom they invite to meet them.

THE LITERARY WORLD : ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A FORTNIGHT of peace and thankfulness, and jubilation, rejoicings, pardonings, concessions, and general expressions of good will; to be followed during the remainder of the month by indications of satisfaction still more demonstrative. Both Houses of Parliament have thanked the QUEEN for the peace; the City of London has thanked Lord CLARENDON; the QUEEN and the Legislature have thanked the Army and the Navy, not even forgetting to express to the Marines their satisfaction at the glorious conditions which have been forced by their arms from the unwilling foe. A day of thanksgiving has been duly solemnised; but it must be confessed that the God of Battles was thanked with much less ceremony and solemnity than Garter King-at-arms used to trumpet forth the news in the ears of the citizens of London. Her MAJESTY appears to reserve her attendances in state for the purpose of increasing the attractions of the Crystal Palace, and sending up the shares of her husband's speculation; therefore there has not been, as we had hoped, any special recognition by the Sovereign of these realms of the blessing once more restored to her people. So the peace has been universally honoured by every class of persons in the kingdom—except the nation itself; and that comparatively insignificant body is expected to rejoice, as per order, when the preparations for the Hyde Park fireworks and the general illumination are fully completed. As a curious corollary to which, we perceive that a plate-glass assurance company is offering to insure people's windows from being smashed, and a reward of five pounds for the conviction of any one who may be detected in the act of destroying the insured property.

The Peace Inauguration at the Crystal Palace was, to use the mildest expression, a farce, and was quite unworthy of the Directors of that really splendid institution, which has real merits of far too high an order to warrant its managers in resorting to such catchpenny expedients. We understand that the members of the Court immediately outside the royal circle were by no means pleased at being dragged down to Sydenham to serve as a bait for season tickets, and to grace with their presence the solemn inauguration of a couple of pieces of pasteboard trumpery. The model of the Scutari Monument is all very well in its way; and if it had been quietly placed in the transept of the Palace without any flourish of trumpets, we should have had nothing to say against it, for it certainly gives an excellent idea of what will *some day* be a very superb work of art. But the so-called Peace Trophy is execrable. Nothing could be more unlike MAROCCHETTI the author of the Scutari Monument and the Cœur de Lion, than MAROCCHETTI the perpetrator of this ridiculous gewgaw. GUNTER would have been ashamed to set it upon a cake; and if it had been erected in a Crimean kitchen as a monument to the genius of SOYER, it would have been an insult to that eminent culinary artist. If it be symbolical of the Peace, the omen is not favourable, for in a few short months the gilt will be rubbed off, and it will have to be removed to the lumber-room of the palace as quickly as may be. Nor can we imitate the raptures of the *Times* reporter (the leaven of the late literary Director of the Crystal Palace hangs about the paper still) as to the musical feast provided to do honour to the occasion. Madame RUDERSDORFF (with all due respect be it said) is not exactly the *prima donna* for a great national ceremonial; and, however desirable it may be to puff Mr. COSTA's "Eli," or to give Mr. CHORLEY an opportunity of vying with BRADY and TATE, we think that something might have been effected in that direction more likely to cover the deficiencies of the rest of the show. But the Directors seemed determined that it should be all of a piece.

Not in England only has the return of Peace been met with fêtes and jublations. The Crimean soil itself has lately been the scene of much unaccustomed festivity. At a breakfast lately given by Sir W. CORBRINGTON to the allied commanders and General LUDERS, SOYER appears to have tried his hand at a Peace Trophy, apparently with more success than MAROCCHETTI. The trophy of the great *cuisinier* was a superb fish salad, upon which he bestowed the appropriate title of *Macédoine Lüdérienne à la Alexander II.* Nor was the composition less significant: almost every element of the war as well as of the peace being duly shadowed forth by some suggestive ingredient. The British lobster, chopped up among the Crimean lettuces and heated with Indian sauces and Chili vinegar of great strength, was put into a large quantity of prime Russian pickle; into this mixture was shredded French beans, sardines, and caviare from the Baltic; and then the whole was toned down with pacific olives and Oriental fine herbs, "which are quite unknown in our English gardens"—the last probably supplied by Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

From feasting in the Crimea to feasting in London is an easy transition. In this country at least there can be no festivity without dinners. The dinner of the Royal Literary Fund has been already commented upon; the annual dinner of the Royal Academy has been the other great feast of the fortnight. Upon this occasion, the sister art of Literature (which, when toasted, does not appear to have been very enthusiastically received by the painters) was represented by the DEAN OF ST. PAUL's, *vice* Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, who, though present at an earlier stage of the proceedings, appears to have retired from some unknown cause.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy has inspired Mr. RUSKIN to favour those whom it may concern with a second batch of "Notes on some of the principal Pictures exhibited." As usual, there is a great deal of elegance, much sarcasm, a large amount of overpraise, and a prevailing tone of prejudice. In the first place, Mr. RUSKIN takes no small credit to himself for his honesty in putting his name to his pamphlet, and draws a very suggestive comparison between his own acknowledged criticisms and those of the anonymous critics. At the same time, he admits that the consequences of breaking through the established custom are not very comfortable. "Truly," says he, "it is a sorrowful thing to me, and one bearing witness, very bitterly, to the dishonesty of criticism in general, that people should be so ready to call every kind of fault-finding 'hostility' the moment they can bring it home to a known person. One would think, to hear them, that there was no right or wrong in art; that every opinion which men formed of it was dictated by prejudice, and expressed in passion; that all praise was treacherous, all rebuke malignant, and silence itself merely a pause of hesitation between flattery and slander." Taking the Exhibition as a whole, Mr. RUSKIN regards it as unparalleled by any of its predecessors. "Such an Exhibition I have never yet seen; and the excellence of it is all the more to be rejoiced in because it is every whit progressive." He also regards it as an indication of the Pre-Raphaelite school that the pictures of confessed Pre-Raphaelites no longer stand out from the mass; but that "there is a perfectly unbroken gradation, formed by the works of painters in various stages of progress, struggling forward out of their conventionalism to the Pre-Raphaelite standard." May not the fact be that the Pre-Raphaelites are abandoning many of those harsh and glaring peculiarities which they once affected, and are bringing themselves more upon a level with the popular school of art? "There is hardly," says Mr. RUSKIN, "an exhibitor this year who has not surpassed himself, and who will not surpass himself again in every subsequent effort"—a very bold, and, we cannot help thinking, unwarrantable prediction. As might be expected, by far the greater meed of praise in these "Notes" is for the Pre-Raphaelites. Of MILLAIS we are told that "Titian himself could hardly head him"—and *apropos* of that excessively disagreeable picture, "Peace concluded." Mr. RUSKIN asserts that this and "Autumn Leaves" will "rank in future among the world's best master-pieces." Mr. RUSKIN announces that he intends to continue these notes yearly, and that he shall consider them as one of the chief works which he has henceforward to do.

We have received a prospectus of the "Revised English version of the Holy Scriptures" put forward by the American Bible Union, which formed the subject of Lord SHAFTESBURY's attack on the 7th instant. It is to appear in two forms. The first is called "the Parallel edition," and will give in three parallel columns the common English version, the original text, and the revised English version, with critical and explanatory notes at the foot of each page; the other edition will contain the revised version only, with marginal readings and explanatory notes. The rules drawn up by the American Bible Union for the guidance of the translators are as follows:—

1. The exact meaning of the inspired text, as that text expressed it to those who understood the original Scriptures at the time they were first written, must be translated by corresponding words and phrases, so far as they can be found, in the vernacular tongue of those for whom the version is designed, with the least possible obscurity or indefiniteness.
2. Wherever there is a version in common use, it shall be made the basis of revision, and all unnecessary interference with the established phraseology shall be avoided; and only such alterations shall be made as the exact meaning of the inspired text and the existing state of the language may require.
3. Translations or revisions of the New Testament shall be made from the received Greek text, critically edited, with known errors corrected.

Seven minor rules are also given, in accordance with which the translation is to be executed:—

1. Give the author's meaning. To this object every other is to be sacrificed, if necessary.

A perfect translation is an exact expression of the author's meaning, in his own manner. It should, as far as possible, be to the original writing what the image reflected from a perfect mirror is to the object.

2. Translate *word for word*, by the corresponding literal equivalents in English, wherever English idiom will allow it. Where this cannot be done, translate *phrase for phrase*, by English equivalents, as near the original form as possible.

3. Give the sense of the author, in the author's own manner.

If a literal translation, word for word, would be ungrammatical, awkward, harsh, obscure, or feeble, where the author's expression is correct, clear, graceful, vigorous, and animated; then the mere verbal correspondence is no just representation of the original.

4. Preserve faithfully the general characteristics and costume of the original work.

A translation should make no false impressions in regard to the age, the country, and the people, to which the book belongs. The scenery, natural history, climate, productions, the manners, usages, opinions, state of knowledge, and of the arts, &c., should all be faithfully mirrored in the version. In regard to style, also, a modern air should not be given to an ancient writing.

5. Use literal translation, where more than one construction or interpretation of the original words is possible, and both can be conveyed by the literal form.

Where this cannot be done, the different constructions should be put in the text and margin. The reader of the translation should have the same opportunity, for judging of the possible interpretations of the passage, as the reader of the original.

6. Use no superfluous words.

A translation should contain no words which are not necessary for the exact expression of the sense of the original, in the form best adapted to it. There is no use, therefore, for *italicised* words.

7. In this work, the phraseology of the common English version is to be used, so far as is consistent with fidelity to the original, and a proper regard to the present usage of the English language.

To illustrate the manner in which these rules have been carried out, we subjoin the revised version of the opening verses of the Book of Job:

There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job. This man was perfect and upright, and one who feared God and shunned evil. There were born to him seven sons and three daughters. His substance was seven thousand sheep and goats, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and very many servants. And this man was great, above all the sons of the East. Now his sons went and held a feast, at the house of each, on his day; and they sent, and invited their three sisters, to eat and to drink with them. And when they had let the feast-days go round, Job sent and purified them. And he rose early in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings, according to the number of them all: for Job said, it may be that my sons have sinned, and have forsaken God in their hearts. Thus did Job continually.

Philologists will be glad to hear that Mr. TRUBNER has in preparation a most valuable addition to the science of languages in the shape of a "Bibliography of American Aboriginal Linguistics," compiled and arranged by HERMAN

E. LUDWIG. A complete monograph of the aboriginal languages of Central America, by E. G. SQUIER, will be added as appendix. Together, these will form a complete work of reference for that interesting class of languages which, from the gradual extinction of the American aboriginal races, must soon be classed among the dead.

Count WALEWSKI's onslaught upon the liberty of the Belgian press (inspired as it doubtless is by the will of his master) is looked upon as an indirect attack upon that which all Englishmen regard with so much jealousy, as the palladium of their rights, the liberty of our own press. Not daring to attack us openly, the Emperor of the French intimates that he will not suffer himself to be attacked by the press of a neighbouring nation. What will this lead to? We cannot suffer Belgium to be punished for doing that which we are doing every day with impunity. No press has been more unsparing towards the proceedings of "the Chosen of December" than ours, and it would be the vilest act of cowardice to permit a state, whose liberties have been assured by treaties to which this nation has been a party, to be coerced into a line of conduct which we would not suffer to be imposed upon ourselves. Where there is a law of libel and trial by jury, the liberty of the press can never be terrible to really good government.

The ROGERS sale, so far at least as the important part of it is concerned, has gone off very successfully. The art collections have sold at very high prices, and, as usual, the finest works have passed into the hands of private collectors. The Marquis of HERTFORD and Lord WARD are said to have been great purchasers. The library is yet to be sold, but it contains nothing of importance. Mr. ROGERS was much more of an art-amateur than a man of letters, and his

collection of books is rather that of a general reader than of a professed literary man.

The *Morning Advertiser* announces, with an air of unctuous satisfaction, that SHERIDAN KNOWLES, the dramatist, has been preaching two sermons on behalf of certain Sunday-schools projected at Islington. The same journal also lately announced that Mr. KNOWLES repented him of the services which he has rendered to the "wicked stage." If so, we would suggest to him that true repentance can be best proved by giving up the fees which arise from the representation of his dramatic works in favour of this and other works of charity.

The obituary of the fortnight includes the name of that distinguished metaphysician Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, who died at Edinburgh, on the 6th inst., of a congestion of the brain, in the 66th year of his age. The leading facts of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON's life may be briefly stated. He was born in Glasgow, of an ancient and reputable family; his education commenced in that city, and was finished at Oxford; in 1813 he was called to the bar; afterwards he became Professor of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh, and in 1836 he was appointed to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the same University. It was in this sphere that his fame arose, and out of it he earned an undying name in the history of the sciences which he professed. Beyond all dispute he was the greatest logician of the age, and, whatever may be the opinion entertained as to the soundness of his metaphysical views, no one can deny that he is worthy to be ranked among the greatest and most original thinkers of this or of any other age. The literary results of his life may not appear commensurate with such vast acquirements; but they are of that solid nature, that by them he has conferred a lasting and real benefit upon all earnest

seekers after truth. His admirable essays in the *Edinburgh Review* have been collected into a volume. His edition of Dr. THOMAS REID's works is also a work of great value, and his edition of DUGALD STEWART (which is not yet finished) is, as far as it has gone, an invaluable boon to the metaphysician. We believe that Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON also held the situation of her Majesty's Solicitor for Teinds, in Scotland, which is now of course vacated by his death.

L.

FAR AWAY.

I GAZE on the tufted cloudlets flying
O'er the land and the shaken sea,
And I say—"Oh cloud! on thy fleecy wings
Dost thou bear no memory?"

I list to the Norland breezes blowing
From their icy homes to me,
And I cry—"Oh, wind of the silver shores,
Hast thou brought no history?"

I watch the happy bird as it nears
From the blue horizon line,
And I yearn to hear in its song a word
From HER true true heart to mine!

Then I turn and search in mine own true heart,
And I need nor breeze nor bird,
For HER name I breathe in an undertone,
And its innermost pulse is stirr'd;

And her fair face lives in my soul, and glows
As a star on the sea's broad breast
When the Eastern waves are topp'd with the dawn
And the moon is low in the West.

And her sweet, sweet voice, as in happy days,
Still it lives in my list'ning ear,
Like a melody out of a long-lost heaven—
Like a song from a sunny sphere.

I search my heart, and I need no voice
From the cloud or bird or breeze,
For her truth and her love lie nestling there
'Mid a myriad memories!

J. J. BAILEY.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE ARTS.

Modern Painters. Vol. IV., containing Part V. "Of Mountain Beauty." By JOHN RUSKIN.
London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

The intelligent reader of Mr. Ruskin's books is likely to be aware by this time of the precautions with which those remarkable writings are to be received.

Under his customary self-delusive appearance of logical arrangement, our author here pours forth a flood of discursive eloquence on the subject of mountains—embodying many results of a series of extraordinarily careful observations among the Alps, in pages which combine in a marvellous manner the usually antithetic elements of Science and Poetry. While Mr. Ruskin, to all appearance, fancies that he is educating and illustrating a chain of arguments in perfect sequence and proportion, we believe him to be doing something very different from this, perhaps superior to this—certainly something for which he is better fitted by nature, and which requires much more varied and unusual powers and acquirements than the mere lawyerlike faculty possessed by many conclusive reasoners. The Oxford Graduate, full of rare gifts, surrounded by rare advantages, and under the dominion of certain great principles, to which he is faithful through good and evil report, has already accumulated an immense mass of thoughts and facts bearing upon art, nature, and human life in their connection. He began this work at an early age, and has now been strenuously and consistently engaged in it during ten years—may thrice and four times ten be still before him! He has never wavered in his principles or aims, and yet has laid himself open to the loudest accusations of inconsistency. How is this? We believe it to come of his impatience. Yes, persevering and minutely industrious as he is, Mr. Ruskin is also one of the most impatient of men, abhors to remain in doubt, generalises too soon, jumps to definite statements on subjects of the utmost difficulty and subtlety, and is at once, in a very curious way, both progressive and dogmatical, ever anxious to know more, yet always insisting upon drawing absolute conclusions (and publishing them) from his present imperfect knowledge. Notwithstanding all which, we return to our point of view, and perceive that,

had he been more timid, dilatory, or cautious, our literature would now be less rich by a series of fascinating, elevated, and unique volumes; or perhaps possess, in lieu of their warm vital force, a metaphysical essay or two resembling the preparations in Surgeons' Hall. With feelings, on the whole, of admiration and gratitude, therefore, for his many virtues and graces, we turn to the examination of this new gift from Ruskin's noble pen.

The volume treats "Of Mountain Beauty," and chapter the first of "The Turnerian Picturesque." A low picturesque school is discriminated, whose work is superficial and for the eye merely—Clarkson Stanfield being named as its best living master; and a high picturesque school, which constantly expresses a sympathy with the nature and character of the objects represented, and of which Turner is king. Even the love for the lower picturesque is good in its degree, and ought to be cultivated. There is no definite bar of separation between the two.

Chapter II. is "Of Turnerian Topography:" we are to paint what we see; but "some people see things that do not exist apparently; and if they really see these non-apparent things, they are quite right to draw them"—in short, to paint their impressions. If you can, teaches our author, paint the exact facts; if imagination really and truly overmasters you, you must paint what it chooses; but beware of vanity, beware of unfaithfulness. In illustration, two outline engravings are given, one from an accurate sketch of the Pass of Faido, the other from a drawing by Turner, purporting to represent the same place, which is inaccurate in many features; but is praised on that very account, as representing Turner's "dream" of the locality. Here is matter enough for debate! The following note demands quotation:—

I have just said, that if, quitting hold of this original impression, the artist tries to compose something prettier than he saw, it is all over with him; but, retaining the first impression, he will, nevertheless, if he has invention, instinctively modify many lines and parts of it—possibly all parts of it—for the better; sometimes making them individually more pictorial, sometimes preventing them from interfering with each other's beauty. For almost all natural landscapes are redundant treasures of more or less confused beauty, out of which the human instinct of invention can by just choice arrange, not a better treasure, but

one more fitted to human sight and emotion,—infinitely narrower, infinitely less lovely in detail, but having this great virtue, that there shall be absolutely nothing which does not contribute to the effect of the whole; whereas in the natural landscape there is a redundancy which impresses only as redundancy, and often an occurrence of marring features; not of ugliness only, but of ugliness in the wrong place. Ugliness has its proper virtue and use; but ugliness occurring at the wrong time (as if the negro servant, instead of standing behind the king, in Tintoret's picture, were to thrust his head in front of the noble features of his master) is justly to be disliked and withdrawn. "Why, this," exclaims the idealist, "is what I have always been saying, and you have always been denying." No; I never denied this. But I denied that painters in general, when they spoke of improving nature, knew what nature was. Observe: before they dare so much as to dream of arranging her, they must be able to paint her as she is; nor will the most skilful arrangement ever atone for the slightest wilful failure in truth of representation: and I am continually declaiming against arrangement, not because arrangement is wrong, but because our present painters have for the most nothing to arrange. They cannot so much as paint a weed or a post accurately; and yet they pretend to improve the forests and mountains.

Chapter III. treats of "Turnerian Light." Turner alone, of all men, "ever painted nature in her own colours;" but Turner's colours, it is admitted, look unnatural, because they are not and could not have been shown in true contrast to the sky and to other high lights. The true contrasts can never be given.

The whole question is simply whether you will be false at one side of the scale or at the other,—that is, whether you will lose yourself in light or in darkness.

Rembrandt chose the latter; Turner the former. In this chapter occurs a ludicrous example of Mr. Ruskin's tendency to violent generalisation and, by consequence, to special pleading; he is seized by the notion that, as a rule, innocent things are gay coloured and noxious things dull coloured; but, having named "fungi" among the latter, he finds it necessary to subjoin this foot-note:—

It is notable, however, that nearly all the poisonous agarics are scarlet or speckled, and wholesome ones brown or grey, as if to show us that things rising out of darkness and decay are always most deadly when they are well dressed.

Chapter IV. is headed "Of Turnerian Mys-

tery—First, as Essential," and commences with the admission that Turner is the head of the modern cloudy and indistinct school, and as such, may be thought to stand in opposition to all the best ancients, and many of the best moderns, including

The whole body of the Pre-Raphaelites—certainly the greatest men, taken as a class, whom modern Europe has produced in concert with the arts. . . . Truly, the clouds seem to be getting much the worst of it; and I feel, for the moment, as if nothing could be said for them. However, having been myself long a cloud-worshipper, and passed many hours of life in the pursuit of them from crag to crag, I must consider what can possibly be submitted in their defence, and in Turner's.

In the first place, the clouds are *there*. In the second, we *never see anything clearly*, and the only question is, at what part of the object mystification begins.

Throwing an open book and an embroidered handkerchief on a lawn, at a distance of half a mile we cannot tell which is which; that is the point of mystery for the whole of those things. They are then merely white spots of indistinct shape. We approach them, and perceive that one is a book, the other a handkerchief, but cannot read the one, nor trace the embroidery of the other. The mystery has ceased to be in the whole things, and has gone into their details. We go nearer, and can now read the text and trace the embroidery; but cannot see the fibres of the paper, nor the threads of the stuff. The mystery has gone into a third place. We take both up and look closely at them; we see the watermark and the threads, but not the hills and dales in the paper's surface, nor the fine fibres which shoot off from every thread. The mystery has gone into a fourth place, where it must stay, till we take a microscope, which will send it into a fifth, sixth, hundredth, or thousandth place, according to the power we use.

And the difference between true Pre-Raphaelite work and its imitations is that

The true work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature, in the position and at the distances which the arrangement of the picture supposes. The false work represents them with all their details, as if seen through a microscope.

The conclusion is that

No human skill can get the absolute truth in this matter; but a drawing by Turner of a large scene, and by Holman Hunt of a small one, are as close to truth as human eyes and hands can reach. "Well, but how of Veronese and all the firm, fearless draughtsmen of days gone by?" They are, indeed, firm and fearless; but they are all mysterious. Not one great man of them, but he will puzzle you, if you look close, to know what he means. Distinct enough, as to his general intent, indeed, just as Nature is distinct in her general intent; but examine his touches, and you will find in Veronese, in Titian, in Tintoret, in Correggio, and in all the great painters, properly so called, a peculiar melting and mystery about the pencilling, sometimes called softness, sometimes freedom, sometimes breadth: but in reality a most subtle confusion of colours and forms, obtained either by the apparently careless stroke of the brush, or by careful retouching with tenderest labour; but always obtained in one way or another: so that though, when compared with work that has no meaning, all great work is *distinct*,—compared with work that has narrow and stubborn meaning, all great work is *indistinct*; and if we find, on examining any picture closely, that it is all clearly to be made out, it cannot be, as painting, first-rate. There is no exception to this rule. EXCELLENCE OF THE HIGHEST KIND, WITHOUT OBSCURITY, CANNOT EXIST.

And Turner, it is added, usually chose to paint things twenty and thirty miles away. Let us here remind our readers that we are necessarily presenting them with no more than a very meagre tracing of Mr. Ruskin's principal lines of investigation; though we do this with as much care as our space will admit of.

Chapter V., "Of Turnerian Mystery—Secondly, Wilful," speaks of the natural delight of so subtle a perception as Turner's in subtle effects of colour, and light and shade; asserts that "noble mystery" is a veil thrown between us and something assured and substantial (the words in the text are "something definite, known, and substantial," but these, *more scriptoris*, appear to us to unnecessarily suggest an incongruity when compared with § 3 of the same chapter), but that "ignoble mystery is a veil cast before chaos, the studious concealment of Nothing."

I believe the reader must now sufficiently perceive that the right of being obscure is not one to be lightly claimed; it can only be founded on long effort to be intelligible, and on the present power of being intelligible to the exact degree which the nature of the thing admits. Nor shall we, I hope, any more have difficulty in understanding how the noble mystery and the ignoble, though direct opposites, are yet continually

mistaken for each other—the last aping the first; and the most wretched artists taking pride in work which is simply slurred, slovenly, ignorant, empty, and insolent, as if it were nobly mysterious (just as a drunkard who cannot articulate supposes himself oracular); whereas the noble art-mystery, as all noble language-mystery, is reached only by intense labour.

In fine, Turner "has risen past clearness." This chapter is unsatisfactory to us in some respects, and fails to justify on principle Turner's habitual choice of cloud and haze. Among the provoking characteristics, too, of our author's writing—consequent on its being produced by aggregation, and not under bird's-eye arrangement—is his habit of postponing to a more convenient season the consideration of important parts of the subject in hand, while overwhelming other parts with opulence of words.

Chapter VI., "The Firmament," opens thus:

The task which we now enter upon, as explained in the close of the preceding chapter, is the ascertaining, as far as possible, what the proper effect of the natural beauty of different objects *ought* to be on the human mind, and the degree in which this nature of theirs, and true influence, have been understood and transmitted by Turner.

Mr. Ruskin intends to examine, in succession, the beauty of mountains, water, and vegetation, and lastly, the sky; and this chapter is introduced for the purpose of noting some points which he conceives useful at the present stage of his inquiry. But we beg leave to skip, here and elsewhere, our author's technical theology with its whimsical applications, and if all his readers do the same the world's loss will not be much. In this chapter, let us briefly note, we understand the writer to assert that the clouds are widely distinguished from all other parts of the material world as the peculiar and actual habitation of the Deity!

Chapter VII., "The Dry Land," opens the special subject of the Mountains, and contains the following gloriously eloquent passage:—

Inferior hills ordinarily interrupt, in some degree, the richness of the valleys at their feet; the grey downs of southern England, and treeless coteaux of central France, and grey swells of Scottish moor, whatever peculiar charm they may possess in themselves, are at least destitute of those which belong to the woods and fields of the lowlands. But the great mountains lift the lowlands on their sides. Let the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeable incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment; and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change: the trees which grew heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side; they breathe more freely, and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree: the flowers which on the arable plain fell before the plough, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship, and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach.

Chapters VIII., IX., X., and XI., are mainly of a geological character, dividing the mountain material as follows:—

I shall not so oppose myself to the views of our leading geologists as to retain here the names of Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary rocks. But as I wish the reader to keep the ideas of the three classes clearly in his mind, I will ask his leave to give them

names which involve no theory, and can be liable, therefore, to no grave objections. We will call the hard, and (generally) central, masses Crystalline Rocks, because they almost always present an appearance of crystallisation. The less hard substances, which appear compact and homogeneous, we will call Coherent Rocks, and for the scattered debris we will use the general term Diluvium.

The granite landscape is noblest, its waters pure, its sea "a flawless emerald,"

And, as far as I remember, the inhabitants of granite countries have always a force and healthiness of character, more or less abated or modified, of course, according to the other circumstances of their life, but still definitely belonging to them, as distinguished from the inhabitants of the less pure districts of the hills.

The Slaty Coherents, on the contrary,

Are often employed to form those landscapes of which the purpose appears to be to impress us with a sense of horror and pain, as a foil to neighbouring scenes of extreme beauty. There are many spots among the inferior ridges of the Alps, such as the Col de Ferret, the Col d'Arnerne, and the associated ranges of the Buet, which, though commanding prospects of great nobleness, are themselves very nearly types of all that is most painful to the human mind. Vast wastes of mountain ground, covered here and there with dull grey grass, or moss, but breaking continually into black banks of shattered slate, all glistening and sodden with slow tricklings of clogged, incapable streams; the snow water oozing through them in a cold sweat, and spreading itself in creeping stains among their dust; ever and anon a shaking here and there, and a handful or two of their particles or flakes trembling down, one sees not why, into more total dissolution, leaving a few jagged teeth, like the edges of knives eaten away by vinegar, projecting through the half-dislodged mass from the inner rock, keen enough to cut the hand or foot that rests on them, yet crumbling as they wound, and soon sinking again into the smooth, slippery, glutinous heap, looking like a beach of black scales, of dead fish, cast ashore from a poisonous sea, and sloping away into foul ravines, branched down immeasurable slopes of barrenness, where the winds howl and wander continually, and the snow lies in wasted and sorrowful fields, covered with sooty dust, that collects in streaks and stains at the bottom of all its thawing ripples. I know no other scenes so appalling as these in storm, or so woful in sunshine. Where, however, these same rocks exist in more favourable positions, that is to say, in gentler banks and at lower elevations, they form a ground for the most luxuriant vegetation; and the valleys of Savoy owe to them some of their loveliest solitudes—exquisitely rich pastures, interspersed with arable and orchard land, and shaded by groves of walnut and cherry. Scenes of this kind, and of that just described, so singularly opposed, and apparently brought together as foils to each other, are, however, peculiar to certain beds of the slaty coherents, which are both vast in elevation, and easy of destruction.

We must not miss extracting a word-picture of

MOSES.

I never have had time to examine and throw into classes the varieties of the mosses which grow on the two kinds of rock, nor have I been able to ascertain whether there are really numerous differences between the species, or whether they only grow more luxuriantly on the crystallines than on the coherents. But this is certain, that on the broken rocks of the foreground in the crystalline groups the mosses seem to set themselves consentfully and deliberately to the task of producing the most exquisite harmonies of colour in their power. They will not conceal the form of the rock, but will gather over it in little brown bosses, like small cushions of velvet made of mixed threads of dark ruby silk and gold, rounded over more subdued tints of white and grey, with lightly crisped and curled edges like hoar frost on fallen leaves, and minute clusters of upright orange stalks with pointed caps, and fibres of deep green, and gold, and faint purple passing into black, all woven together, and following with unimaginable fineness of gentle growth the undulation of the stone they cherish, until it is charged with colour so that it can receive no more; and instead of looking rugged, or cold, or stern, as anything that a rock is held to be at heart, it seems to be clothed with a soft, dark leopard skin, embroidered with arabesque of purple and silver. But in the lower ranges this is not so. The mosses grow in more independent spots, not in such a clinging and tender way over the whole surface; the lichens are far poorer and fewer; and the colour of the stone itself is seen more frequently; altered, if at all, only into a little chiller grey than when it is freshly broken.

Chapter XII. bears title, "Of the Sculpture of Mountains: first, the Lateral Ranges." The mountains are gradually and constantly losing substance; and from this fact Mr. Ruskin concludes (we cannot agree with him) that

The intelligible and substantial fact is that the earth has been brought, by forces we know not of, into a form fitted for our habitation: on that form a

gradual, but destructive, change is continually taking place, and the course of that change points clearly to a period when it will no more be fitted for the dwelling-place of men.

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHY.

The Mystery; or, Evil and Good. By JOHN YOUNG, LL.D. London: Longmans. 1856.

It is not our affair as critics to meddle either with a man's orthodoxy or the want of it; but we must confess that we have a strong dislike to the books where, for the sake of expounding or exposing, of assailing or assaulting, a particular faith, philosophy and theology are so horribly jumbled together that we know not whether we are reading the work of a superficial philosopher or of an incompetent theologian. The deeper and diviner religion, the less can philosophy, even the deepest and divinest, measure its depth and rise to the grandeur of its divinity. It can only stand afar off humbly and reverently, deeming it bliss and privilege enough to catch on its ecstatic brow a mystic radiance from what it adores. The profoundest metaphysician will ever be the lowliest worshipper. It is not, however, because he knows more than his brethren; it is because he has ascended through his intuitions and phantasies to a region from which they are excluded. Nevertheless, the instinct of true philosophy is toward an unlimited freedom—toward an unbridled boldness, with which creeds and dogmas, as distinguished from the religious life, cannot be permitted to interfere. But, in the very exercise of that freedom, in the very rush of that boldness, true philosophy is naturally drawn towards the religious life. Yet in this country we are, especially since the Puritanic times, such wretched thralls of forms and formulas there where we should surrender our most exuberant faculties to the fecund force of God's Holy Spirit, that, sacrificing the religious life and whatsoever pertaineth therunto, we consider ourselves primordial thinkers and miracles of piety if we have married a bastard psychology to an intolerant catechism. What is catholic seeks what is catholic everywhere, whether in the dewdrop on the daisy, or in the inspirations which lift up the archangel better than his wings. Forced union, however, arbitrary relations, dishonest compromises, these a catholic religion and a catholic philosophy alike spurn. Perhaps the common confusion on such subjects arises from the reputed antagonism between reason and faith—an antagonism which none have ever experienced or favoured except the fanatics of faith and of reason. Religion and philosophy have nothing to do with reason and faith, for they are both but various modes of dwelling in God, and differing solely in this—that religion is of a more emotional character than philosophy. They are unspeakably above reason and faith; inasmuch as, if I descend to prove and to argue, I descend no less to believe. When the sun is shining magnificently on us, or when the ocean is rolling its wealth of waters to our feet, we do not say that we believe in the sun or in the ocean—we shrink from a word so cold and so poor. If words we utter, they are those of gratitude and rejoicing; for we abide as children by rapture and by sympathy in the vastness, the splendour, and the conquering, abounding sublimity of the ocean and the sun; and that is enough for us. How absurd to demonstrate to ourselves that the sun and the ocean are really before us! Now sojourning in the most secret heart of the Infinite One, our most gracious Father, and fed by the plenitude of his being, is it less absurd if we array battalions of syllogisms around us that we may be convinced of his existence and of our own? Though faith and reason are spoken of as foes, yet faith is either what reason is supposed in bygone ages to have established, or it is a bulwark which reason raises or tries to raise against a possible scepticism. In either case you must traverse gulphs and spheres, and climb many a stupendous and starry pinnacle, before you arrive at Deity. The man in these days to whom faith is all is just as much a rationalist as the man whom, for the want of faith, he denounces as a blasphemer. He is besides a more presumptuous rationalist; for better audaciously to deny the Omnipotent Monarch of the Everlasting, than to use his breast as a tower from which you can safely and conveniently shoot your crotchets and your curses at heretics. Of course, in speaking thus we use the word faith

in its ecclesiastical sense—a sense comparatively modern. In its exalted moral meaning, such meaning as it had among Rome's noblest souls, would that it could receive from the communities of men the most cordial and lavish homage; and when Cicero says that faith is the foundation of justice, and when indulging in that tautology to which he is so prone, he declares that it is perfidious and nefarious to break faith, how much we wish that the word had once more its old Roman energy. For it would be easy to show that the moment you dislodge moral obligations from a moral basis, and refine away the antique and heroic virtues into minute points of scholasticism, you have not merely paralysed the moral vigour of mankind and overthrown their moral standard, but you have made philosophy commonplace and religion barren. The Italians are ridiculed for applying to the baubles which the dilettante places on his mantelpiece or in his museum, the fulminating word which their ancestors employed to express the fortitude wherewith they bore adversity, and the valour whereby they conquered the world; and surely it is not in a virtuoso that we would seek aught of Roman strength or of Roman bravery. There may not be so much to ridicule, but there is quite as much to deplore, in the degeneracy of faith into an ecclesiastical phrase, and too often an ecclesiastical juggle, as in compelling the Roman's mantlest word for manhood to picture the idler's paltriest playthings. The first step then toward celestial religious developments, toward sublimer philosophical revealings, must be the restoration to the moral armoury of whatsoever theology has stolen therefrom. To clear the atmosphere from those sophistries of scholasticism which are the disease of our modern existence there must be the battle and the sacrifice. Before him whose name so many millions bear went the moral reformer John the Baptist. Was it to rebuke the Pharisees alone? Was it not also to confute the Sadducees? And who are now our chiefest Sadducees? Is it not they who pester us with their childish distinctions between reason and faith, who are always trying to settle theological questions by a philosophy falsely so called, and philosophical questions by a theology falsely so called, and who deny and do their best to render impossible the moral resurrection of the human race. We trample on their quibbles and their fallacies without scruple and without pity. We plead for three things in opposition to the Sadducees: that religion should be a life, not a dogma—should be the burning consciousness of the indwelling God; that philosophy, in order to serve religion, should be left in the most absolute freedom, should aid religion from its opulence, its instincts, and not from compulsion or complaisance; and that moral realities should be considered as having an independent and indistructible existence, without reference to the fate of theological systems or ecclesiastical institutions. And in so pleading we are convinced that all who are not only orthodox but devout and catholic will gladly admit that we are the advocates of right doctrine or orthodoxy.

We feel bound to class, though with some reluctance, the author of *The Mystery* with the Sadducees. Our reluctance arises from the belief that Dr. Young, like many persons who have written bad books and done bad things, means well. If he, however, and not his publisher, has conferred the title on the volume, this would much diminish the mercy we should otherwise be disposed to show; for it is eminently inappropriate, and simply meant to catch the eye of unwary purchasers. Dr. Young is no thinker. He seems to have had, as a clergyman, some decorous coquettings with metaphysics, the record of which should have been sepulchred in his own bosom as a solace for his old age. We might suppose, from the title, that this tiny tome treasured gems in its bosom and secrets more precious than gems; but it is nothing more than a sputter of spasmodic fluencies, such as we have often heard from boys of fifteen in the classroom of our witty, suave, and respected teacher, Professor Buchanan, who expounded logic pleasantly enough, as if it were a display of fireworks. It is an unfortunate thing in these days that every man who wants to oblige the printer at his own expense must either drivel poetry or scribble metaphysics. A few years ago a good deal of this arid brain and harmless ambition expended itself in the three-volume novel. Now it hesitates between Tennyson and Kant, and not unfrequently weds bad metaphysics to bad poetry.

When a bore is guilty of a novel no one, not even the dear friend who has received a presentation copy, is under the necessity of reading it. But, when he showers lyrics at your head or theories of the universe, he is your sworn foe if you do not gobble them all with apparent relish. In this journal alone we have swallowed and endeavoured to digest a reasonable quantity of lyrics, and about two hundred theories of the universe. We see by the papers that flint stones, duly prepared, are sold as butter. As are flint stones to butter, so are the two hundred theories of the universe to the universe itself and to our delight therein. The flint stones are badly disguised in Dr. Young's pseudo-butter. They are big flint stones, too—as how can they fail to be when the charner is always churning the infinite?

The object of Dr. Young's book is to vindicate God—as if the vindication of God were not always a consummate insult to God. What really needs vindication in the ways and works of Deity? The difficulties in Providence which Dr. Young attempts to master are difficulties created entirely by his own imagination. We are sent here to do good and to overcome evil, not to be always tormenting ourselves about their origin. If it is said as Dr. Young, being an orthodox clergyman, is bound to say, that all men are corrupt through Adam's transgression, why should he not be satisfied with the simplicity of the explanation, and leave the matter as settled? If not so satisfied, and if determined to treat us to scholastic fallacies, ought not his modesty to suggest to him that what is evil and good to us may not be evil and good to the Almighty? The presumptuous and confident fashion in which Dr. Young maintains that God abhors this and abhors that savours to us of blasphemy. Who admitted him into the counsels of God? Who unveiled to him the mind of God? Why should we measure God by our own conscience any more than by our own intellect? Why should we ascribe to him our own passions and bigotries? Moral evil and moral good can have a meaning only in relation to beings liable to sin. And here comes in the question of moral liberty, which Dr. Young totally misunderstands. When we refuse to God the moral liberty which we attribute to ourselves, so far from limiting his omnipotence, we are triumphantly asserting it. In effect, the moral freedom which so many sophists and sciolists confer on God makes Him into a mutable and fallible being. These same sophists and sciolists spurn the idea of necessity in connection with God, as if necessity were some foreign agent thwarting his will and hindering his effluences. It is not accurate to say that God is dominated by necessity; but it is eminently accurate to say that God is his own necessity. How can we praise God with more of warmth and aboundingness than by declaring that He must act always out of and in accordance with his nature? The sublimest passages of the Hebrew Scriptures paint this with a poetical energy which it would be well for those to feel who never cease anathematising their neighbours for not dwelling in the mere letter of the Scriptures like themselves. He who is enthroned on high, and who is adored by prophets flaming with inspiration as changing not, cannot both do a thing and yet be capable, as Leibnitz has most absurdly represented, of doing, through caprice or through a supposed moral freedom, a thousand other possible things. There could only have been one universe, just because there is only one God; and he is God just because he has not the power of transmuting his essence, which the audacious whims of pedants claim for him. Not less monstrous than the notion that God has moral freedom, in the same sense as man—that he even possesses it to such a degree that he can at will alter his essence—is the belief that eternity rolled on after eternity, during which God in silence, in solitude, in ecstasy, contemplated without manifesting his attributes. What can be more offensive, what more degrading, than to make God for countless millions of years merely the exaggeration of an Indian Brahmin? What can be more offensive, what more degrading, than to exhibit God as the first example of that meditative egoism which has been as fatal to the world as the egoism of bloody and insatiate ambition? Who was it that set forth, as a reason for his working, that his Father had been working hitherto? How interpret this in the spirit of Him who uttered it, than by admitting that work belongs to the very being of God? If the first verse in Genesis states that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, we are not justified in applying that state-

ment to the infinite universe. Whatever theory, the strictest or the most latitudinarian, we adopt in reference to the authority of those words, we must regard them as an ontological prelude to the appearance of man on our globe. And is it not the silliest of quibbles to shout in our ears, as Dr. Young and all the small fry of logicians, metaphysicians, and theologians are never tired of doing, that there must have been a Creator before a creation? How can we separate in Deity his essence from his thought and his action? Whatever else, theologically or philosophically, the Trinity may signify, it assuredly symbolises the identity of God the Essence, and God the Thought, and God the Miracle of Form bursting evermore from the Mystery of Life. To speak of a Creator before creation is to place the bondage of time on God, even as it is placed on man. But, granting that God could be chained by time, as those aver who are the loudest in proclaiming that he cannot be fettered by space, how could he be a creator who was not yet creating? Our delight is small in pressing such questions home; and there is no glory in vanquishing those who, when discoursing of what is most celestial, profound, and inexplicable astonish as much by their rashness as they annoy by their impudence. He who joins the grandest metaphysical genius to the most seraphic devotion may err, and very widely and woefully err, as he ventures into the abyss of such awful themes. What can a conceited commonplace rhetorician do with them but pile up words on words, repeat the old twaddle and the old sophistries? It is, therefore, quite natural that Dr. Young, after having babbled the current conventional nonsense about a Creator and a creation, should entertain us with the usual declamation about matter and spirit. Pleasant enough terms are matter and spirit to the student; but are they facts, and especially are they broadly separated, immortally inimical facts, either for man as man, or for man as child and worshipper of God? They certainly are not, no, not even when man has been taught to mutter the slang of a false philosophy. Man habitually feels himself to be not a lump of clay tied to an intangible ghastliness, but a living individual in a living universe, where there is no God of the dead but only a God of the living. By what are the worst extravagances of sensational systems provoked and justified but by the still worse extravagances of spiritualism, which attempts to honour God by decrying what he has made? Has God created the stars and the flowers, is he eloquent in the thunders, and does he wear a vesture of beauty? What meaning do the magnificent descriptions in the book of Job convey to our heart? Does God dwell in, transfuse the kingdom of the Infinite, Force and Fire, and yet Father, or is he a remote and subtle and transcendental Principle—a cold and haughty Intelligence—to whom that kingdom in all its forms, whether graceful or gorgeous, is no better than offal and pollution? And, if what is called matter were this abominable thing, which God hateth, how are we praising him by saying that it was not, and that he summoned it into being? To that which is most odious in his eyes he yet gave birth! It is strange to make God pure intelligence as distinguished from pure life, and yet deny him all intelligence! Are those who deal so madly with other divine mysteries the fittest to render more plain or more satisfactory to us the mystery of providence? First of all they may be asked how they arrive at the conclusion that God's creation and God's providence are separate acts? If God is essentially a creator, his providence is not apart from creation, but merely a word which we employ to express one among our many modes of viewing the creation? Cause and effect, also, which our modern schoolmen are continually poking at us, have no relation to Deity whatever; and if we wanted to drive a man to the most despairing atheism we should pester him for ever about a First Cause. For if God is incessant and illimitable vitality, how can we cut the vitality into scraps and call this an effect and that a cause? And as concerns the moral bearings of the subject, how insane or how guiltily daring to go through all history and determine where the providential working of God ends and the responsibility of the individual begins! The burden of that responsibility, either for terrible retribution, or heroic incitement, we would not lessen by an atom. But the same passion and in the same person may have the power to be a blessing, just because it has the power to be a curse. To protest that the passion is God's when it does

right and the individual's own when it does wrong, is not to vindicate the Deity, as Dr. Young would have us do; but to scatter broadcast the seeds of the most fatal scepticism that has ever saddened and withered the world.

ATTICUS.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.
Edited by Sir W. HAMILTON, Bart. Vol. IX.
Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

THIS volume contains the Lectures on Political Economy, which are now for the first time published. In the second book he treats of National Wealth, of Free Trade and especially of the Corn Trade, and of Taxes. The third book is devoted to the Poor and their maintenance. The fourth, to Education of the Lower Orders.

The second part treats of Politics proper, or Theory of Government.

Stewart early embraced the views of free trade which have been since so triumphantly adopted in his own country, and are so fast forcing themselves upon the whole civilised world. He was for absolute freedom of commerce in corn. He condemns the usury laws; he objects to the law of primogeniture; he anticipates all the faults which are now found to arise in practice from a tax on profits; and he earnestly advocates a system of national education—but he does nothing to help us out of our present difficulty, which is, to find the system.

These lectures do not contain much that would be new to a reader of the present day; for what was only theory in his time, has now been carried into practice. But nowhere are the principles on which our present practice is founded so clearly and convincingly set forth.

Dr. Vere has published *An Inquiry into Speculative and Experimental Science* (Longman and Co.).—It is a vindication of metaphysics from the discredit into which it has fallen since the introduction of experimental philosophy. We cannot call it a successful one, for it is itself a metaphysical argument. The Doctor appears to think it sufficient to confute material science to say that it tends to scepticism. But the question is, not what it may be supposed to lead to, but whether it is true or false in itself.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Political Life of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart.: an Analytical Biography.
By THOMAS DOUBLEDAY. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

(Concluded from p. 213.)

THE political, like the psychological, life of Sir Robert Peel is divisible into three distinct eras. There was the era of his bright and confident youth, when he was wholly and well content to expound and defend the traditions of his elders and forefathers. This was the era of his political faith, when his province was confined to the elaborate enunciation of those highly respectable commonplaces by which the respectability of every age satisfies itself that an institution is right because it is an institution, and that a theory is wrong because as yet it is only a theory. From 1809 to 1827, always excepting that grievous eccentricity towards the Economists, Sir Robert Peel was a man after Lord Eldon's own heart. For nineteen years the excellent young man rose night after night in his place, prepared to prove, with Candide, that the world, as constituted and sustained by the triumvirate of Liverpool, Castlereagh, and Eldon, was the best of all possible worlds—that it was heresy to doubt it, and sin and madness to attempt to improve it.

But time and skill will couch the blind, and it was scarcely possible that, while the public mind was moving steadily on, so fine and subtle a mind as Mr. Peel's should fail to study and comprehend the principle of that movement. There comes a time in the lives of all thinking men when the steadfastness of prejudice is sapped by the mutability of phenomena—when the shadowy traditions of the past yield to the substantial necessities of the present. Nothing can be more curious—nothing can be more interesting—nothing, it may be thought, and thought rightly, is more sad—than the crushing logic by which the experience of maturity explodes the credulity of youth. Nothing can resist this experience except self-inflicted blindness or self-concealing hypocrisy.

Now, Sir Robert Peel could not make his judgment blind; and he would not, or could not, veil it altogether in hypocrisy. As he lived, he learned: as he learned, he thought it fitting to communicate his learning, for the benefit of his cotemporaries and of those who should come

after him. Externally he was ever the same, cold, impassible, bland, suave man—"bland and smiling, growing blander, as his trim deductions flowed." There was ever the same smooth, unctuous, and somewhat watery brightness on that face which the malignant O'Connell compared, in the truth of a bitter hatred, to the plate upon a coffin. Yet we believe him, as the world goes, to have been esoterically an honest man; at least, quite as honest as the generality of men who are best entitled to be called honest men. He distrusted his fellow-creatures; he had a very poor opinion of their sincerity and of their judgment; but he did not therefore love them little, or not at all—on the contrary, he had ever the same anxious desire to serve them, according to what he conceived to be their real interests. People complained of his taciturnity and reserve—that he was impenetrable, inscrutable, and other than his form of creed. Just the same complaint is brought in just the same form against every one who, for reasons best known to himself, claims man's natural privilege of keeping to himself the state of his innermost thoughts as the state of his private affairs. It is as natural to an educated man to hold his tongue, as it is to an uneducated man to keep it in incessant action. "Speech is silver; silence is golden;" and the first practical lesson that a practical man learns is, to be silent. On all, as life advances, there grows that knowledge which Cicero, writing to Atticus, describes as ever humming in his thoughts in the line of Epicharmus:

Νῆψι, καὶ μέμνησι ἀπιστοῦν ἀέθρα ταῦτα τῶν φρενῶν.

It was this sad science which taught Chatham that bitter repartee to his ministerial friends who complained that he did not "trust them." "Trust you, gentlemen? oh, no; there you must excuse me. Youth is the season of credulity. Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom." This language is cynical, indiscreet, and insulting; but it solves many problems of character. Sir Robert Peel felt like Cicero, but was far too wise, too benevolent and polite, to speak like Chatham. Besides, his favourite author was Horace, not Juvenal; and his enlightened charity prevented his keen sensibilities from descending to the vulgar asperity of the misanthrope.

Accordingly, when Sir Robert Peel entered on the second era of his life, which dates from the time when he accepted the Catholic Emancipation, and gave a lukewarm opposition to the Reform Bill, he found himself beginning a career the most embarrassing and humiliating that can fall to any conscientious man, but especially to a distinguished statesman. His judgment had grown, while his principles had remained stationary; and he was now to decide whether he would follow his old principles because they were old, and also those of his party, or whether he would prepare himself to modify them according to the new lights which now began to shine on him. For they who know how seldom people are made wise by the wisdom of other people—how seldom one man's experience avails to guide another man's conduct—and how reluctantly the prejudices of education yield to the most crushing force and overwhelming light of personal inquiry and personal experience—will see nothing more than daily human nature in the fact of the Protectionist of to-day becoming the Free-trader of to-morrow. The man whom circumstances have trained as a partisan cannot be expected to see things like a philosopher who is placed above those circumstances. Perseverance in a particular line of conduct, or a particular course of principle, renders a man incapable of seeing the superior propriety of a better line of conduct and a better course of principle. But when the slow current of events at length incarnates that better principle in the growing size and stature of a powerful and antagonistic system, the infant Jupiter attracts the attention and excites the alarm of the reigning Saturn. The statesman concedes to the fact what he denied to the idea; and the importance of the idea is first seen in the magnitude of the fact. Nor is he influenced merely by the ignoble spirit of force, nor excited to recognise the new truth only because it appeals to his fears and his interests. Such an appeal is surely not lost on him; but it would be unjust to suppose that a man like Sir R. Peel acted on principles of vulgar selfishness, and gave to clamour what he refused to justice. On the contrary, we are hardly enough to believe that, although he often abandoned the defence of a

principle because he found it opposed to the public will, he never abandoned a principle from any sense of personal expediency—never from any motive but that of a genuine modification of his previous views.

The acceptance of the Catholic Emancipation accordingly marks the beginning of the second era of Sir R. Peel's life. He had outgrown the formulae of his youth. His was not a mind qualified either to relish or apprehend abstract truth; for it was a mind that was capable of seeing and receiving truth only through the medium of formulae. But, firmly as he believed in their efficacy, he had no belief in their intrinsic immutability; and he found now that the formulae of his youth could not continue to be those of his manhood. He believed in institutions while they lasted; he resisted as long as he could the force that would overthrow or undermine them; but when they were fairly overthrown or undermined he believed in them no longer, but regarded their destruction as satisfactory evidence that they were ripe for destruction. He was of those, it must be admitted, on whom Medea's anathema rests:

cereat successibus opto,
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putet.

He resisted Catholic emancipation as long as there was a chance that it could be resisted successfully; and as soon as there was no longer a prospect of resisting it successfully he accepted it because the general clamour for it satisfied him that the time was come for granting it. Thus, also, he accepted the Reform Bill, and showed his party and the world that his convictions depended on the circumstances of his position.

From 1832 to 1846 Sir R. Peel's political creed was in a state of transition from scepticism to infidelity, and from infidelity to a new and more enlightened faith. This period sets his character in its most interesting and most instructive point of view. The difficulties that his mind must have encountered and conquered in struggling out of the dark and perishing forms of the old Tory world, and in mounting up from that chaos of extinct opinions on which he had been nurtured, into a world of thought which was wholly new to him, have yet to be stated distinctly and appreciated fairly. Mere vulgar ambition or vulgar expediency cannot account satisfactorily for his conduct: nothing less than the hypothesis that there was latent in his character a somewhat blind but still genuine and earnest principle of honesty can account for it. Obsolete as his party's creed had become, he would have been far wiser in his generation had he adhered to it in its hour of trial and insult, like the Duke of Wellington, than he was in veering towards the Liberals of the day. He could not expect that the political capital which he would gain by his apostasy could compensate him personally for the inevitable penalties of the apostate. When a man adheres to his principles in the day of temptation, we admire him; but when he changes them voluntarily in the hour of full prosperity, and adopts others which are new and yet untried, he is entitled at least to the praise of sincerity. If it was his creed, as it doubtless was, that the political exigencies of the day are best interpreted by the popular voice, and that when an institution has become generally hateful it is a sign that it is time it should pass away, who shall say that there was anything dishonest or unreasonable in such a creed? The year 1832 was the decisive turning-point in Sir R. Peel's life. The lately published journal of Mr. Raikes shows him at that time disavowing himself from the Duke of Wellington as he had discovered himself previously from Lord Eldon. Already he was isolated and alone—still trusted, but doubtfully, by the Tories, and already eyed curiously and invitingly by the Liberals. When the Tories took their new title of Conservatives Sir R. Peel was still for many years their nominal head; but his heart was no longer with them, and had bounded with his reason far beyond the selfish limits of class legislation into the wide circle of national philanthropy.

Unquestionably he saw now that his was a peculiar and a high destiny. Out of the crumbling relics of extinct parties it was for him to begin that mighty fusion of clashing interests which has since worked itself out so marvellously, and which at the present hour seems all but complete. If the shades of Bolingbroke and Burke could be evoked, they would scarcely recognise in the actual House of Commons any semblance of that party-division to which their philosophy exclaimed that all public interests

were sacrificed. They would see a House of Commons more nearly resembling in externals the Long Parliament in its purity than any which has since 1640. They would no longer see Tories or Whigs. They would hear of Conservatives; but would vainly endeavour to trace any fundamental distinction between them and the Liberals. They would be surprised to find no longer two parties, of which one steadfastly resisted all change, and the other all permanence. They would find that Tories are no longer unwilling to move, and that Whigs are no longer unwilling to stand; that the saturnine qualities of the former have been so tempered by the mercurial qualities of the latter that their independent action and existence have become neutralised, and that the amalgam has produced, perhaps an anomalous but still marked uniformity which has no parallel in history.

Of this fusion and this end of political discords, *πῶτος ἱστορίας*, Sir R. Peel is the authentic parent and apostle. There are details of conduct, and questions of conventional propriety and opportuneness in his announcements of his transition from Conservatism to Liberalism on which political casuists will always be at issue: but if we overstep these narrow views, and leave them to the microscopical criticism of clubs, it is probable that a true conception of Sir R. Peel's esoteric transformations will gradually be reached; and when it is reached, we do not hesitate to affirm that it will be found to be one of the grandest and most instructive pages in human psychology. It will always be asked, Why did not the new light break in upon him sooner? and to that question a complete and satisfactory answer will never be given, unless we are content with the charitable and not improbable answer, that he could not see a political necessity until the nation proclaimed it; or that he did not conceive concession to be expedient until it could no longer be resisted. Neither of these hypotheses is flattering to his judgment, nor indicative of any very far-sighted or exalted principle of national philanthropy; but they are manifestly the axioms of all those statesmen who recognise the late Sir R. Peel as their oracle. Such a doctrine is as wholly opposed to the principles of party government as it is to the Utopianism of abstract economists. It is as opposed to the philosophy of consistency, and to the tenacity and prejudices of immemorial party cries, as the Baconian philosophy is to the barren spirit of the old scholastic philosophy. It is much less exalted in sentiment and in language, but it is proportionably more beneficial and more productive of practical results. The adhesion of Sir R. Peel to the Anti-Corn-Law League is, in this point of view, a far more important historical fact than the Reform Bill of 1832, except so far as it is probable that but for the Reform Bill there could not have arisen that combination of circumstances by which Sir R. Peel was led to see the necessity of repealing the Corn Laws. In 1832 he had accepted the Reform Bill as he had previously accepted Catholic Emancipation—with misgivings, but not with total disapprobation. In 1846 that judgment which in 1832 was still in its dawn had reached its meridian. The experience of fourteen years had not been lost on him, as it had been lost on the inferior spirits of his party; and in renouncing Protection he exploded the last and strongest stronghold of that class legislation and feudal oligarchy into which he had been lifted by circumstances and interest, but from which he was still separate in origin and enlightened philanthropy.

Thenceforth the destruction of parties has been complete. Their very nomenclature has proved this fact. There have been no Tories since 1832; there have been no Radicals since the same date—none, at least, who have gained or deserved attention as an integral portion of the Legislature. For a time there were Conservatives—a very mild and degenerate scion of the old Tory; and there were also Whigs; but the name had nothing amiable to the public ear, and they who bore it were glad to hide their sense of this fact in the name of Liberals. Under this title Whigs and Radicals were only too happy to shroud their consciousness—the former of their hypocrisies, the latter of their extravagances. Its vagueness suited well men who knew not what their own principles were, and who sought in vain for a common and popular cry. The Conservatives found an equal convenience in the vagueness of their new name; and were as much embarrassed in being forced at length to admit that some things required reform, as the reformers were in

having to admit that some things required preservation. When they had cast out Sir R. Peel from among them, they had still something like a link of distinctive brotherhood in clinging to the ghost of Protection, as several generations of Jacobites clung to the name of Stuart; but at length even this link appears to have snapped, and the spirit has lapsed into an euthanasia. Whatever contumely attaches to the memory of Sir R. Peel attaches, surely, not less to that great party which has acquiesced in and apparently adopted that policy for which they crucified him as an apostate.

We have entered on a new era in the constitution. As Whigs and Tories fell under the Reform Bill, so Liberals and Conservatives ceased to exist with the repeal of the Corn Laws. The House of Commons typifies the nation; and the same indifference to parties and names of parties marks both alike. So equally is liberty diffused, so fairly is justice administered, so perfect on the whole is the machinery of the national police, that people have ceased to care for organic changes, and have ceased to believe in their efficacy. They have declared that class-legislation shall no longer exist; and it exists no longer. They know that their government is still, under all its popular forms, substantially an oligarchy and a timocracy. They know that hereditary influence of birth and property is still supreme; but this supremacy suits the genius of a nation which holds the accumulation of wealth to be the grand purpose of life, and which therefore beholds patiently the autocracy of wealth. They are satisfied that the interests of the consumer and the producer are sufficiently identified, so as to prevent the former, under the influence of personal enlightenment and public opinion, from imposing unbearable burdens on the latter; and they know that the facilities of emigration always afford a remedy to the over-taxed operative. The mutual respect of classes, arising from their progressive assimilation, is the existing bond of society, and guarantee for its permanence and still further amelioration. To such a nation what does it matter, and what does it care, which of the two hardly distinguishable parties which call themselves equally Liberal Conservatives are in power? The conflict is of far too personal and private a nature, and the result of it far too remote and indistinguishable in its operation on the nation at large, to excite anything like wide or vivid interest; and whether Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston be the nominal ruler, the nation is satisfied with the knowledge that its will is sufficiently known, and that its power is sufficiently felt, to make every ministry for the time being the strict and literal executive of the national demands. Let anything like a national wrong be caused to the meanest pauper, and in less than twelve hours the press and the electric telegraph will have roused the population of the three kingdoms; but as long as nothing of the kind occurs, the nation cares less about the change of a ministry, or the dissolution of a parliament, than it cares about the passing of a railway or local sewerage bill.

In this feeling is the strength of governments; and strength, in fact, is the quality which the nation is beginning to desire in governments. It is no longer a complaint that an English Government is too strong, but that it is too weak—that even the most popular are comparatively powerless to carry the most popular measures. It is this alarming fact which is beginning to occupy all thinking men, and to make them doubt whether the existence of two definite antagonisms like the old Whigs and Tories has not its own marked advantages over the more specious form of uniformity which, under the semblance of parliamentary unanimity, conceals not two, but fifty, discordant elements of political dissension. Since there are no longer parties, there are no longer leaders; and the independent views of members—each faithfully reflecting his constituency, and doing what seems right in his own eyes—although constituting greater atomic power, produces, perhaps, less aggregate strength. A ministry which reflected a stronger party could always carry any measure reasonably consonant with the views of that party; but a ministry which reflects a nation seems unable to carry anything, unless it bears the decisive and expressed fiat of the nation.

Such, for good or evil, is the actual state of the English constitution; and, whether it be lapsing into the disorders of the ancient democracies of Athens and Rome, or be destined to give the first perfect instance of the permanent compatibility

of liberty and order, none can be cited who has contributed more than the late Sir Robert Peel to bring about the actual consummation; and, if that be desirable—as, on the whole, we believe it to be—it is fitting that respect and approbation, but not any very enthusiastic admiration, should perpetuate his memory. PHILLO.

RELIGION.

Metrical Meditations on the Sacred Book of Canticles. Second Edition. (London: Wertheim and Macintosh.)—Had this work been in prose we should have had no objection to say a word in its favour, since it is unobjectionable in its tendency; but as it is in very indifferent verse, we can merely quote the old maxim—*Mediocribus esse poetis, &c.*

Sunday and the Sabbath. Translated from the French of LOUIS VICTOR MELLET, Pastor of Yverne. (London: Trübner and Co.)—The writer of this pamphlet broadly impugns the assumption that the Christian Sunday takes the place of the Jewish Sabbath. He examines the subject in all its bearings, and, at the risk of offending his best friends, frankly states the result of his investigations with respect to it. This is, that "instead of positive proofs, drawn from the word of God, he found only conjectures, suppositions, and weak probabilities, offered with an imperturbable assurance;" also, "that till the middle of the fourth century, *Sabbatism* was not thought of; that the Reformers had unanimously rejected it; that the venerable Martin, pastor of Utrecht, opposed it strongly in his edition of 'The Bible, with Notes'; that it was then a new heresy, a natural product of that formalism which had taken the place of life in the reformed Churches. It was thus that I came to a full conviction founded upon the spirit and letter of the word of God, confirmed by the testimony of the Church, and by its most venerable doctors." Not many of our readers will coincide with these conclusions; but they are those of a French Protestant minister, and it is well to hear both sides of so important a question.

Dialogues on Universal Restitution (London: Freeman)—is the work of an earnest man who advocates the affirmative of the question. The arguments, however, which he puts into the mouth of his opponent are not of the most irrefragable kind.

Bright Light in Early Dawn; or, a Mother's Recollections of a Little One whom Jesus Loved. With a Preface by the Rev. EDMUND CLAY, B.A. (London: Wertheim and Macintosh.)—This "little one" died at the age of three years and three months, and was certainly rather an extraordinary child; but we cannot help regarding the present publication as an amiable weakness on the part of the mother.

There are also lying before us *Passing Thoughts*, by JAMES DOUGLAS, of Cavers, Part II.; and the *Coming of the Kingdom*, by the same Author, No. III.—*The May Meetings*, (Edinburgh: Constable and Co.)—*The Truth-Seeker Rewarded: a "Tract for the Times," specially addressed to Parents and Sabbath-school Teachers.* By the Rev. ANDREW R. BONAR. (Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.)—*Confirmation; or, the Citizen of Zion taking up his Freedom.* By W. WELDON CHAMPNEYS, M.A. (London: Wertheim and Macintosh.)—*Epitaphs for Country Churchyards.* Collected and Arranged by AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, of University College, Oxford. (Oxford and London: J. H. and J. Parker.)—These epitaphs form a well-chosen collection, and may prove useful to country clergymen, when called upon, as they sometimes are, by their parishioners for an appropriate inscription to a tombstone. We have been much pleased with the taste and feeling displayed by the editor in the preliminary remarks to this little collection, and (shall we add?) not a little amused by the *bizarre* character of some of the epitaphs given in the appendix.

The new number of the *Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record*, edited by the Rev. H. BURGESS (London: Heylin)—maintains the character of that publication. It has an able article on Professor Jowett's work on the Thessalonians, &c.; another on the "Proposed Emendations of the English Bible; also, a continuation of Dr. Hincks's treatise "On Assyrian Verbs;" besides other valuable papers.

Riches Increased, or the Surest and Safest way of Thriving. By Mr. THOMAS GONGE. London: Partridge and Co. 1856.

SUCH is the title upon the cover of the book, and we must confess that we opened it with the expectation of finding some good advice upon the conduct of business, the saving and investment of money, illustrated by the usual quantum of stock-brokers' and actuarial tables. The title-page, however, quickly dissipated these expectations, for, after the words "Riches Increased," we there find inserted, "By Giving to the Poor." The book is, in fact, an exhortation to charitable works, by Mr. Thomas Gonge, the contemporary of Baxter, and the son of William Gonge, the puritan commentator. To the reprint of this most celebrated work, the Rev. Thomas Binney has prefixed an interesting biographical notice of Mr. Gonge, in which he proves him to have been one who, in humble imitation of his Master, "went about doing good."

MEDICINE.

1. *A Cyclopædia of Practical Receipts in the Arts, Manufactures, Professions, and Trades, including Medicine, Pharmacy, and Domestic Economy, &c.* By ARNOLD J. COOLEY. Third Edition, entirely rewritten. London: Churchill. 1856. pp. 1344.

THIS volume contains thirteen hundred and forty-four octavo pages of double-columned small yet remarkably clean type, embodying the past and present state of human knowledge, on at least ten times as many subjects or articles of useful and practical information. Truly, if the present generation do not outstrip the past in their readiness to answer questions on every possible subject, when examined as to their fitness to undertake anything—it is not for lack of suitable remembrancers and prompters. In the case of the huge octavo, compiled by Mr. Cooley, to which we earnestly call the attention of our readers of every class—we can aver with sincerity, that seldom has so much been said so well on each and all the topics of practical use in the arts, manufactures, trades, and professions, including our own. Whether as regards pure medicine or pharmacy, the student and the practitioner will find information the most precious, which they would have to ransack an hundred volumes to obtain. We may say the same with respect to the branch of chemistry, both scientific and pharmaceutical, in which the writer has given proofs of being quite *au fait* of all that has been done both by English and foreign philosophers. As a supplement to the Pharmacopœias, this work is invaluable; and as a book of reference for the heads of families, the amateur, the tradesman, or the manufacturer,—it will be found particularly useful.

In justice to the author, we ought to allow him to introduce his production to the readers in his own words:—

Independently of a reliable and comprehensive collection of *formule* and processes in nearly all the industrial and useful arts, it contains a description of the leading properties and applications of the substances referred to, together with ample directions, hints, data, and allied information, calculated to facilitate the development of the practical value of the book in the shop, the laboratory, the factory, and the household.

To which we will add the dispensary, the kitchen, and the still-room.

Notices of the substances embraced in the materia medica of our national pharmacopœias, in addition to the whole of their preparations, and numerous other animal and vegetable substances employed in medicine, as well as most of those used for food, clothing, and fuel, with their economic applications, have been included in the work.

One great feature which distinguishes these descriptions of the principal articles referred to, is the series of brief but clear directions given for determining their purity and commercial value, and for detecting their presence and proportions in certain compounds. In these days of rampant adulteration, such directions, we can testify from experience, to be of the utmost value. In this respect we may safely state that the instructions given for detecting the adulterations of bread, the falsification of wines, and the impurity of water, will be found to be fuller and more distinct, as well as easier of adoption, than in any other publication.

We remarked that Mr. Cooley had dealt with purely medical subjects and questions as freely and popularly as with all other matters; but, like a judicious man, he prefaces his information with the following caution as to

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Under the names of most of the leading diseases that could be profitably noticed, such explanations and directions have been given as accord with the prevailing opinions and practice of the faculty at the present day. These, when judiciously applied, will prove invaluable to emigrants, travellers, voyagers, and other parties beyond the reach of legitimate medical assistance; and under opposite circumstances will, in general, enable those who have the care of the sick, the better to second and carry out the instruction and efforts of the physician for the benefit of their charge. Here, however, it may be useful to repeat the cautions given in other parts of this volume, as to the impropriety of unnecessarily meddling with the healing art, or neglecting a prompt application to a duly qualified practitioner, in all cases demanding either medical or surgical aid. It is an undoubted fact that the best efforts of the inexperienced and uninitiated in the mysteries of medical science must be always enormously behind those of parties whose whole lives and study have been devoted to the subject.

Yet Mr. Cooley supplies even the uninitiated with practical helps for the recovery of health under any phase or modification. Thus he gives us not fewer than four hundred different *formule* for pills to relieve almost every species of disease; three hundred and fifty ditto for extracts; one hundred and forty for decoctions, and nearly three hundred for infusions. Among these figure, as a matter of course, all the official preparations of the three national Pharmacopœias; tending to show, more glaringly, perhaps, than by any other process, the absurdity of physicians in this country being differently directed in the administration of medical aids according as they themselves happen to be English, Scotch, or Irish!

Although less connected than the foregoing points with our profession, there are many others in the Cyclopædia bearing on questions more or less allied to the art of preserving health, which deserve attention, and have most amply and successfully received it from Mr. Cooley; we allude especially to the many articles of food and rules of diet, on which the author has dwelt with praiseworthy diffusiveness. In this respect the *Cyclopædia* may well command the support of all classes of readers, with stronger claims than the trashy "One Shilling Cookery for the Million," could boast of.

There is a great deal of good sense in the following observations respecting that simple operation, a

BREAKFAST.

The morning meal or breakfast—the "early bit" of the Germans—is, perhaps, the most important of the day. According to Erasmus Wilson, it is usually "taken at eight or nine." The proper period for that purpose must, however, depend upon the time at which the party rises. About an hour after leaving the bed will be found the most appropriate for the morning meal. By that time the powers of the system have fully recovered from the inactivity of sleep, and the functions of the stomach and other viscera have again come into play. The appetite is excited, and seeks appeasing; and both instinct and reason direct us to the social board. If abstinence is now prolonged, the physical and mental energies, unsupported by a supply of food, which indirectly gives them birth, gradually lessen, and incipient exhaustion ensues. The fluids of the stomach and smaller tissues begin to act upon the coats of those viscera instead of the food, and an unpleasant feeling of hunger or a loss of appetite comes on as a natural consequence. When breakfast cannot be taken within a reasonable period after rising, the gap should be filled up by chewing a crust, a biscuit, or the like. A raw egg or two, "sucked" from the shell or broken into a teacup and drunk, will be found most valuable for the purpose. Raw milk, cheese, salted food, and other indigestible matter, should be particularly avoided at this early period of the day.

ARTICLES OF FOOD TO BE CHOSEN FOR THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

These depend entirely on the state of health, the occupation, &c. of those assembled around it. Coffee appears to be by common consent the *favourite beverage* (we suspect the author has been living long on the Continent). For the delicate, the bilious, and the young it should not be taken strong, and should be well softened down with milk and dulcified with sugar. Tea is more apt to affect the nerves and stomach than pure unchicoried coffee. Green tea taken thus early in the day acts as an absolute poison [we cry amen to that, and at all hours of the four-and-twenty]. We have seen severe fits of vomiting and exhaustion follow its use. The solid food for breakfast should be easy of digestion and nutritious. Females, children, and persons leading a sedentary life should confine themselves to a sufficient quantity of good *meal-bread and butter*, to which an egg or a small rasher of mild bacon may be advantageously added. Parties engaged in active occupations may extend their exploits somewhat farther, and add to the bill of fare a little ham or cold meat. When an undue time will elapse before the luncheon or dinner, and particularly during the colder season of the year, the broiled leg of a fowl, an under-dressed mutton-chop, or a little tender beefsteak will be found by the parties last referred to most useful—nay, in most cases, invaluable. But excess must be particularly avoided. The object is to take enough food to maintain the system in full energy and vigour, and particularly to avoid offending the stomach by overloading it, a misfortune easily effected at the breakfast table. Old commercial travellers (men wise in the mysteries of life and its enjoyments) are scrupulously careful to make a good but not a heavy breakfast before commencing the heavy duties of the day.

But Mr. Cooley is a universal man. It seems to us that having sketched out to himself an immense *quadré* to fill up as he best listed, and possessing a *carte blanche* from a princely publisher, there is no subject of useful knowledge on which he has not touched with more or less zest

—more or less fullness. Even the mysteries of the toilet of the better sex he has contrived to introduce to our acquaintance, and has given hints respecting them which the ladies will not disdain. Take these as slight examples:—

FIXATURE. BANDOLINE. EAU COLLANTE.

Bandoline is used by ladies and by hair-dressers for stiffening the hair, and to make it curl firmly and remain in place. It is applied either by moistening the fingers and passing the hair through them, or by means of a small sponge. *Mild beer* has a similar effect; and we remember in our juvenile days having seen the female members of our family apply it to this purpose.

There are at least six processes for preparing an effectual bandoline, which Mr. Cooley minutely describes, and which we transcribe for the benefit of our fair readers:—

PREPARATIONS.

1. From carrageen, Irish or pearl moss, soaked in cold water for an hour or two, and, after being drained and pressed dry in a clean napkin, dissolved by boiling in sufficient quantity of soft water. The decoction is strained through cambric, and, when nearly cold, is mixed with about $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ of its volume of eau de Cologne or other scented spirit, with the further addition of 5 or 6 drops of oil of cloves.

2. From quince seed, boiled in water as the last. $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. yields nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of strained decoction.

3. Pale gum-arabic (picked), $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; rose-water, four table-spoonfuls; pure water, six table-spoonfuls; dissolve.

4. Gum arabic, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.; water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; dissolve, and drop in eau de Cologne gradually until the cloudiness at first occasioned ceases by agitation; the next day decant the clear portion. All these are very superior, and keep well.

5. (Redwood), Gum tragacanth, $\frac{1}{2}$ dr.; water, 7oz.; proof spirit, 3oz.; otto of roses, 10 drops; macerate 24 hours and strain.

6. Malt, 7oz.; hot water (that will barely permit the finger to be held in it without pain), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; infuse in a covered jug or basin; gently press out the liquid, and as soon as cold, add of proof spirit or brandy or eau de Cologne $2\frac{1}{2}$ fluid ounces, and strain.

With equal clearness, simplicity, and minuteness, the author treats all his other subjects; paying equal attention to, and taking as much pains with, the most trifling as with the most serious and important questions embraced within the extended sphere of his *Cyclopaedia*—which we consider it but an act of justice strongly to recommend to the notice of our readers.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in Persia, Georgia, and Koordistan; with Sketches of the Cossacks and the Caucasus. From the German of Dr. MORITZ WAGNER. In 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

In February 1843 Dr. Wagner was at Kertch, a name then scarcely known to Western Europe, since become so famous. Having seen all its sights and explored its neighbourhood, he travelled into Circassia, and witnessed many incidents of the war then raging with the Cossacks. Of the Circassians, the Cossacks, and the Russian army, he has recorded many interesting details, only to be obtained by one who had so freely passed about among them for a long time, and holding familiar intercourse with all of them.

From the Crimea Dr. Wagner went to Georgia. He spent some time at Tiflis, and thence through Imeritia and Mingrelia to the coast, where he took boat by steam to Trebizond. His next journey was a perilous one, through the lawless district of the Koords, a nation of thieves; and of course he did not escape an encounter with the banditti which beset every beaten track and lurk about all the mountain passes. However, he reached Tabris in safety, and there took up his abode for some time, studying the manners, customs, and politics of the Persians, their social and public life, and the features of the country, geological and agricultural.

The materials thus collected are many of them new, all of them interesting. They are said to have attracted much notice in Germany; and, translated as they are with great ability, they will doubtless prove equally popular here, presenting, as they do, by far the best account that has yet reached us of a region upon which the policy of this country must fix the eyes of Englishmen for many years to come. A glean- ing of a few passages from three such volumes can give but a very imperfect conception of the variety and interest of the contents, where almost every page contains some novelty. We can only give a whet to the appetite; for its gratification the reader must go to the work itself. At Taabris

he found a strange custom universally prevalent, that of

TEMPORARY MARRIAGES.

The domestic position of the European residents is not without interest. Some of these Greeks were married men, but had left their wives behind at Constantinople. Most of the members of the Russian embassy had also come here as bachelors. In both cases, the new comers had followed a long established practice of Europeans in Persia, and contracted temporary marriages with Nestorian women. The Christian sect of the Nestorians, which is even more numerous than the Gregorian-Armenian, in Aserbeidschan, has a remarkable partiality for Europeans, and its members have not the least scruple, on religious, national, or ethical grounds, to give their daughters in marriage to Europeans, for a limited period (be it six years or six months), and for a stipulated sum. The affair is generally arranged in the most regular and formal manner, always in the presence of the parents and the nearest relations of the girl, and often under the sanction of a Nestorian priest, acting, perhaps, as notary. In fact, there is a complete competition for the preference of every newly-arrived European, who is supposed to be about to take up his residence for some time in the country. The wealthiest strangers have naturally the best selection. As soon as they have agreed about the duration, and the terms of these *matrimonie alla carta*, the bride is brought to her husband with due ceremony, by her relations. It is usual for the family of the lady to take up their residence in the house of her temporary lord, who must naturally maintain them all. This arrangement is often expressly stated in the marriage settlement. Not only all the Greek merchants, but most of the members of the Russian General Consulate, were married in this manner, and the practice is so usual and long established, that public morality is not at all shocked at it. The persons concerned ask each other, without the least embarrassment, how their wives and children are. Each of these gentlemen had set apart a portion of his house for the women, and called it the harem. The ladies retained the mode of life and costume of native females, covered their faces when strangers appeared, kept away from table when guests were invited, filled up their leisure hours like Turkish women, with devotion to the toilette, and visiting the baths, and when they went abroad appeared like the other women, in long envelopes, extending from head to foot. It cannot be disputed that these females are faithful and affectionate to their children, but, being totally deficient in cultivation and refinement, notwithstanding their beauty, they cannot compensate for the life of intelligent female society in Europe. It was evident, from the regrets expressed by the gentlemen for the tender reminiscences in the West, that these Perso-Frankish weddings did not satisfy the affections and the imagination. Young M. Mavrocordato longed for Parisian grisettes, M. Osserof for the refined females of the Petersburg salons. The physical beauty of these Nestorian women, which is quite undeniable, was lost sight of, in comparison with the delicacy and spiritual refinement of the cultivated class of European women. So soon as the interval, specified in the contract, has elapsed, another agreement is made, unless the gentleman is tired of his partner, when he forms a new one. The deserted lady is sure of a settlement at home, because she brings a good sum with her, whereas most Nestorians have to pay dearly in purchasing a wife. The children, the fruit of these short-lived marriages, almost invariably follow their mothers, and I was told that the Nestorian females love them almost more than those born in subsequent alliances. The step-fathers are also said to treat them very kindly. Nor is it less remarkable that the European fathers are said to feel no scruple in abandoning their off-spring, without taking a farther thought about their destiny. A long residence in the East appears to blunt the sense of duty, honour, and affection, even in the most upright characters.

Dr. Wagner is manifestly a frolicsome gentleman. He is continually obtaining introductions to pretty women in odd ways. Here is one.

AN ADVENTURE.

The little Nestorian house that we occupied at Urmia had a circular corridor of moderate dimensions, overshadowed by the friendly foliage of some plane trees. The wall separating this corridor from the neighbouring house was ten feet in height, and also shaded by lofty trees. On the very first day of my residence I had remarked in the neighbouring court several curious women climbing up or down a ladder they had placed against the wall or the trees, and who looked into our corridor, attentively scanning all our doings with their coal-black eyes. As these women were not the most engaging that we had seen in the East, I did not at first pay much attention to them. I conceived they were Nestorians, who seldom scruple to disclose their features to stranger Christians. But, when I learnt from our hostess that they were Persian Shiites, I was surprised at this forwardness, so contrary to their national customs. As I saw them perpetually ascending the ladder to stare at the stranger, I asked them in Turkish, "If they would also allow me to climb the tree?" They consented, smiling, and kept quite quiet. When I adjusted the

ladder I saw other prettier and better dressed women and girls in the court. I then asked them "if I should descend to them in the court?" They replied that they would place a ladder against the terrace of my house, and then I could come down to them. The Pole, as well as the Persian cawass and the Armenian Pilosch, had overheard the conversation, and were astonished at the facility of these women. I acceded to their invitation, but not without some precautions: I concealed my kinschal under my cloak, and directed the Pole to keep watch on the terrace with a pair of pistols, and to rush to my rescue if the adventure took a bad turn. All the houses of Urmia are of one story, and have flat roofs like those of most southern countries. I might have jumped from the terrace into the garden without dislocating a bone. I preferred, however, to step carefully down the ladder into a very pretty flower-garden, when, to my utmost astonishment, I was immediately surrounded by a dozen women, all young, and many of them pretty. The domestic costume of Persian women is not so becoming as the Turkish, but it is more pleasing than the monotonous wrappers worn in the street. Two of the women had young infants in their arms, which they handed to me quite familiarly. They asked me several questions, and wished especially to know "if I was an ecclesiastic or a physician?" Unfortunately, I could only understand a very little of their conversation. I managed, however, to ask them "if there were no master at home?" "Oh! yes; our master is there with our mistress in the court," replied the girls, whom I now discovered to be slaves or attendants. I followed in the direction pointed out by the girls, and stepped under an open porch, whence I looked into a second court or garden planted with plane trees. A handsome Persian, with a long black mustachio, was seated there, smoking on the divan cushions, and a handsome young woman, richly attired, and with painted cheeks, was reclining in the eastern fashion by his side. The handsome pair looked very dreamingly into the green canopy or blue vault, over head, without noticing me. But, leaning against the wall, close to the porch, was another Persian holding a tschibouk in his hand, and keeping his eye fixed upon me, but without showing a vestige of anger or surprise. He asked me, in a very quiet tone, "if I liked the place?" and, on my assenting, he added: "Come again to-morrow, and view the house. Mirza Mehemed is now taking his kef, and does not like to be disturbed." I saluted the Persian, and passed back through the court to my quarters, accompanied by the attendants. The girls returned the pressure of my hand quite warmly, and told me I must come back the next day. The ladder had been untouched, and the Pole was still seated, with cocked pistols, watching from the wall. Nor was he a little surprised when he heard of my strange adventure.

He gives some curious anecdotes of

KOORD HORSES.

The caravan horses are not more tolerant to strangers than their masters. They cannot endure horses that do not belong to their peculiar clique. If two caravans happen to be encamped near each other, their respective horses, whilst grazing in the pastures, watch each other with their ears pricked up, gallop neighing up and down, whilst their snorting nostrils and curling manes bespeak their pugnacious temperament. This happens especially if stallions accompany either or both of the caravans, these animals being the peculiar objects of envy and animosity, even on the part of geldings of the opposite party. But, even if there be no sexual occasion of dispute, most of the younger and fiery horses become very unmanageable directly they see any strangers of their own species. Under the influence of this excitement they generally resist all the authority and chastisements of their masters. At length, one of the most spirited steeds, unable any longer to keep under his desire for battle, gallops wildly to the hostile pasture, challenging his foes with the summons of his neighings. He is commonly followed by his most fiery comrades, who act as escort and seconds. A wild and warlike outburst of neighing, resounding like the blast of a spirit-stirring trumpet, challenges the most valiant of the foe to the encounter. The challenge is commonly accepted, and the reply from the opposite side is as full of defiance and mettle as the summons. Foaming and prancing, a long-legged Turcoman horse dashes away to encounter the fire-coloured stallion of Erzeroum, or a grey mare from Karabagh. Lashing and biting, the two antagonists engage in mortal affray, each seeking to seize the other in the flank. Neighing and foaming, their comrades dart up on both sides, to the rescue. There is much fraternal feeling between the horses of the same caravan, and the tournament would speedily enlarge into a general battle were it not for the shouts and curses of the drivers, who, hurrying up with their whips, soon disperse the combatants. When two caravans meet on the march, this feeling of hostile animosity to strangers is not exhibited. The horses are then under the restraint of discipline, and betray no symptoms of impatience or pugnacious propensities. The heavy-laden columns pass each other peacefully, though you may occasionally hear the neighing of a stallion amidst the clang of bells; but a few lashes, and the spur and

bit keep them in effectual order. Our Turkish cavass rode a splendid young black stallion, which, being in the prime of life and in capital condition, was naturally rather lively. Being a stranger in the herd, it was always necessary to tie him up to preserve him from the jealousy of the other horses. Novices receive commonly a most uncourteous treatment. Karagüs bought, occasionally, fresh horses at the Koordish villages, and they were often very ill-treated, at first, by their companions, nor could they scarcely manage to stand their ground against the storm of blows and kicks with which they were greeted, though their own hoofs and hides were tolerably tough. It was frequently necessary to employ the lash to rescue these unhappy victims. It occasionally happens, when caravans meet, that old acquaintances in the respective columns recognise each other—animals that have perhaps often travelled together in the same caravan, that have been born in the same stable, grown up together in the same pastures, and been subsequently exchanged, or sold to different masters. A faithful and grateful memory appears one of the peculiar characteristics of Oriental and especially of caravan horses. A remarkably loud neighing, emanating even from pack-horses, often betrays the joyful surprise of these poor animals in meeting again their old playmates, who had shared bed and board, pleasure and pain, pack and pasture, with them for long years.

And here behold

DR. WAGNER ON HORSEBACK.

It is somewhat tedious to ride in the rank and file of a caravan. Accordingly, as soon as the dawn appeared, and the first beams of the sun irradiated the green mountain slopes, I used to take pleasure in riding aside to the neighbouring heights, in order to view the landscape, and gratify my eye with the picturesque appearance of the Koordish encampments, and of the caravan procession. But my mare never shared in my delight. It took much spurring to bring her to part from her comrades, even for a few minutes. Sociability and antipathy to solitude are among the most striking characteristics of these animals. Occasionally I stayed behind the caravan, if I chanced to encounter some very interesting spot, offering sundry attractions to the naturalist. In such cases I used to tie the mare to a rock, but she always looked with a longing eye after the caravan. When the last stragglers were out of sight, she used to prick her ears, so long as the ringing of bells was still audible. But when this sound had died away, she would drop her head sadly, and look with an inquiring and appealing look at her master. Though it required hard tugging to bring her to move aside or step behind, when it was my purpose to overtake the caravan she displayed all the fire of the Oriental horse, and flew like the wind till she came within hearing of the bells. As soon as she recovered sight of her comrades, she would break out into a loud neighing.

The caravans are occasionally attacked by wolves and panthers; but they are regularly followed by the vulture, which attends them for days together waiting for his prey.

A CARAVAN FOLLOWER.

The animals of the caravan, including the dogs, are on tolerably good terms with these vultures, or, at all events, suffer considerable familiarities on their part. Possibly some mysterious sympathy is at work here, and the horse is conscious that the maw of the bird will become his coffin and the grave of the greater part of his flesh. After satisfying their hunger in the pastures, the horses would congregate together in thick array, in a hot day, and, drooping their necks, seek for shade under their neighbour's body; nor did they appear at all discomposed by the presence of a vulture perched on their backs; indeed, they were so polite as not to stir, that they might not disturb his slumbers. I occasionally saw ravens, too, perched in this sociable manner on the backs of the horses or dromedaries. Similar partialities are observed in Africa between the vultures and cows, ravens and pigs, whilst the silver heron and the ibis have been detected in the same sociable relations with elephants. There is only one animal that is an object of special aversion to the Armenian caravan horse, and that is the camel. Nor can the latter endure horseflesh. This antipathy is retained even in caravans, where both species of animals have been long accustomed to each other's society. Horses and camels always go separately to pasture, if they are not interfered with. Hostile demonstrations are prevented in the case of long intercourse and habit; but, during my protracted stay in the East, I never knew an instance of even cool and distant friendship between these beasts.

Although externally Persian houses look so miserable, they are by no means poverty-stricken within. Hear Dr. Wagner on

PERSIAN INTERIORS.

Even in the houses of Persians in indifferent circumstances, the rooms present walls with polished tiles, and almost every proprietor in good circumstances has a fruit or flower garden, or, at all events, a court with mulberry trees, under whose shade he can recline on a soft carpet, and enjoy the freshness of the air. The head of the house, after his repast, enjoys his kef,

smoking his nargileh, sipping sherbet, listening to the plash of a murmuring fountain, gazing on the voluptuous evolutions of dancing slaves, or reclining, with locked doors, at the side of his favourite, attired in her seductive costume of gold embroidery and variegated silk; and at length, overpowered by these combined influences, he lapses into that apathetic contemplation, the highest delight of the Oriental. Whosoever has the good luck to be a hakhim, in high repute, like Dr. Cassolani, who is even admitted to make medical visits in the harems of the rich, otherwise closed to all males, save the lord of the house, enjoys many opportunities of gratifying his sight with the spectacle of Persian beauties. Frank ladies are also admitted into their harems, in the most polite manner, by the Persian grandees. Unfortunately, these mysteries of Persian domestic life at Tabris remained concealed from us, and I was obliged to rest satisfied with visits to the houses of some merchants, who lived in a plain manner. The walls of their rooms were of shining white, polished, and with frescoes or porcelain. The only luxuries consisted in the divans, the silk cushions and Oriental carpets covering the floor of the room. The hinder part of the house is commonly occupied by the harem. The gardens were neatly kept, presenting a fine display of roses, but no great variety of flowers. I was informed, however, by Dr. Cassolani and Mr. Bonham, who had frequently visited the palace, and even the harem of Behmen-Mirza, Sardar of Tabris, and brother of Mahomed-Shah, that the ornaments and plants were much more splendid and diversified. They represented that the taste of the Persian architects had created really beautiful effects at his residence, and that there was a display of marble and alabaster, of gilding, mosaic, arabesques, and even paintings on glass, that could not have been conceived, from the plain and unpretending exterior of the Sardar's palace. The egotistical Persians have withdrawn all beauties from the gaze of the street passenger, reserving them for the enjoyment of the privileged few, who hold high rank and appointments, or have obtained wealth, and occupy a position that renders them secure in the display of their luxury, at least in the inside of their houses, without being exposed to the ruthless depredations of Viziers and employes. In walking through the streets your eye caught sight of nothing but monotonous ash-grey walls, with a coating of Persian mud mortar, here and there surmounted by the green canopy of giant mulberry and palm trees. Even the Persian fair, who flock through the streets in almost as great numbers as the men, and who are engaged in visiting baths and female friends, do not display in the street the variegated glories of silk and embroidery, with which they delight the eyes of their lords in the harem. They are dressed from head to foot in linen, muslin, or coarse cotton, of a uniform colour, only admitting narrow slits for the eyes. The out-door costume of the Turkish and Armenian women at Stamboul, and even of the Moorish women in Tunis and Algiers, would be regarded as highly indelicate at Tabris. Notwithstanding their ponderous envelopes, the Moorish women of Barbary suffer their black, piercing eyes to have full play, besides the top of their brunette noses. The Turkish women of Constantinople go still farther, displaying not only their lustrous eyes, but the whole of their pretty nose, only concealing forehead, mouth, and chin. Not only do they allow their eyes to wander freely over the magic scenery of the Bosphorus, but they are not very reluctant to display the charms of their features to the promenaders of the masculine gender, by the sweet waters, and under the shade of the palm trees. Nor are their dainty feet so carefully concealed within their slippers, and occasionally a respectable portion of an elegantly shaped leg may be detected under the folds of the wide trousers. The Christian Armenian women are almost more amiable and complaisant in this respect, and display so much of their pretty faces, that you can obtain a tolerably correct notion of Armenian beauty, even in the streets of Pera, and without entering private houses. But in Tabris a boundless field is left open for fancy. The hundred eyes of Argus, even if provided with a hundred Herschel's telescopes, could not decipher the charms and mysteries buried under the Persian envelopes. Nothing is seen save mummy-like spectres, having nothing in common with humanity, and looking like so many walking sacks, to which some Persian enchanter had given a pair of feet.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Leonora. By the Hon. Mrs. MABERLY, Author of "The Love Market." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Modern Society in Rome: a Novel. By J. RICHARD BESTE, Esq., Author of "The Wabash." 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Mrs. MABERLY does know something of the society she undertakes to depict, and that is more than can be said of one in ten of her contemporaries. Most of our novelists, and espe-

cially the ladies who write fiction, have no other knowledge of the classes they pretend to paint than the indistinct conceptions obtained from novel reading, their models being probably merely copies of copies. Nor, indeed, can it be otherwise. Very few of our novelists have any personal acquaintance with lords and ladies, or at best, an extremely distant one: they have never seen them in private life, and necessarily, therefore, they make caricatures instead of portraits. On the other hand, these ladies cannot possibly possess a personal acquaintance with the people at the opposite extremity of society, whom also they seek to press into the service, and of whom they publish equal distortions. Hence the unreality, the dullness, the unsubstantial character of most of the English novels of the present day. In truth, there can be but two sources of fiction—knowledge or imagination. Either the novelist should sketch entirely from nature and describe what he has seen and known personally, or he should give the rein to his imagination and create a world. But the practice now almost universally prevalent of neither drawing from nature nor from fancy, but copying copies and taking shadows of shades, is the primary cause of the headlong decline of the literature of fiction, which will not be restored to the position it ought to take in literature until the system has died of its own weakness and a new and more vigorous and healthy form of fiction shall rise upon its ruins. What that form will be, or what direction the next race of novelists will take, is a curious problem, for the solution of which no materials are as yet provided.

We have said that Mrs. Maberly has a claim to respect inasmuch as she *does* describe the society she is acquainted with. Not professing a personal knowledge of it, we cannot say if her pictures are correct; but they appear to be so: there is an air of truthfulness about them; we feel that we are in the presence of flesh and blood; they are individuals, and not abstractions. Leonora, the heroine, is drawn with more than usual power. Her pride, her imperious will, her sins, her punishment, and her penitence, closing, as does the story, with her death, are skillfully wrought, and sustain the reader's attention to the last. As a composition, it is extremely graceful, Mrs. Maberly being now practised in her art.

Mr. Beste explains in his preface that he has endeavoured to bring Roman society and the condition of the Roman people vividly before the mind of the reader. But he adds that, to do this without outraging probabilities, "we (why we?) have been obliged to place the family of our heroines, the imaginary personages of our drama, on such a footing of intimacy with Roman princes and diplomatists as peculiar circumstances secured to ourselves, but which English travellers scarcely ever attain." The scenes described and most of the characters introduced are real. The time is that extraordinary and eventful period which elapsed between the 1st day of the year 1848 and August 1849. He adds that he could almost give an authority for every incident, social or political, and for every sentiment put into the mouths of his characters. It is, indeed, almost a history in the form of a fiction. Mr. Beste was in Rome during the siege, and what he has described he witnessed. This being his principal object, the story is only secondary. It is a mere thread of a plot, just sufficient to link the events together, and to give to the reader a continuous interest in the whole; but we believe that the facts will be found more attractive than the fiction. We doubt, indeed, whether a sober, straightforward narrative, written with the same pictorial power as Mr. Beste has here displayed, would not have pleased more even the popular taste, and brought him more present popularity, while certainly it would have produced a more lasting fame. As usual, when fact and fiction are blended, one is necessarily continually being sacrificed to the other: sometimes the fact is moulded to the fiction, sometimes the fiction is distorted to shape itself to the fact, and in the process both are more or less injured. Nevertheless, the reader will thank Mr. Beste for such positive information as he has here collected relating to one of the most important acts in the drama of modern history, which is not yet played out, and he will excuse the defects of the novel for the sake of the real history which it introduces—that history being more exciting, more strange, more attractive, more romantic, than anything he could have invented. As such, it will amply reward perusal.

The Good Time Coming is another of Mr. Arthur's fictions, written in America, but said to be "adapted to the English public." What this means we cannot conjecture. Is it that the author stoops to pander to our prejudices, that he writes a story in two ways—one way for his American readers, the other way for English readers? It is, however, pleasant enough; and it profitably teaches the importance of keeping a good heart—hope ever.

Albert Smith's novel, *The Marchioness of Brinville*—a romance founded on the history of the famous poisoner of that name—has been issued in a cheap form by Routledge. Recent events will give it peculiar attractions just now.

WAR BOOKS.

Notes on the late Expedition against the Russian Settlements in Eastern Siberia, and of a Visit to Japan, and to the Shores of Tartary, and of the Sea of Okhotsk. By Capt. BERNARD WHITTINGHAM, R.E. London: Longman and Co.

Kars and Erzeroum; with the Campaigns of Prince Paskiewitch in 1828 and 1829. By Lieut.-Gen. MONTEITH. London: Longman and Co.

A Visit to Sebastopol a Week after its Fall. By an Officer of the Anglo-Turkish Contingent. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

DARE we venture to hope that these are the last of the literature of the war, excepting the formal histories and personal revelations, the time for which has not yet come, and will not for many years. It is wonderful how soon a subject which engrossed all thoughts a few months ago has lost its interest, now that it is no longer a present reality, but only a memory. The letters of "our own correspondents" have almost ceased to be read; and volumes on the same by-gone theme can, therefore, scarcely expect to find more favour. Who cares even for Sebastopol, now that it is restored to its right owners? Can the expeditions of Prince Paskiewitch command an audience when Kars is to be abandoned by its conquerors and there are no further fears for the fall of Erzeroum? Capt. Whittingham's volume has a more enduring value, for it is only partially devoted to the war and its belongings. A considerable part of it consists of a narrative of a visit paid to Japan, the shores of Tartary, and the Sea of Okhotsk, and therefore may detain us longer. He commences his book with his departure from Hong Kong to join the naval expedition against the Siberian coast of Russia. It was on his way thither that they touched at Japan, where they remained a few days, during which they paid a state visit to the Governor. Starting thence, they soon after saw the Russian squadron at anchor, and shots were exchanged, but the enemy contrived to escape them. Returning in the company of the French squadron, they anchored in Aniva Bay—a famous fishing station of the Japanese, and thence they sailed to the Sea of Okhotsk. The sailings to and fro and adventures here are minutely described, and at Hakodadi they rested for a time, receiving great attention from the people on shore, who proved themselves more hospitable than the Japanese were said to be.

From these portions of the volume, as the most interesting because the most novel, we propose to make the extracts which will show the quality of its contents and most please our readers.

These were the first visitors of the ship.

JAPANESE OFFICIALS.

Short, dark, with small black eyes, oblique *à la Chinoise*, with high cheek bones, and somewhat flattened noses, and protruding lips, they were not unlike Chinamen: their forms were more robust, and clothed in several robes of cotton and silk, resembling dressing-gowns, except that the lower portions of their dresses were merged within silken petticoat-trousers: their feet were encased in cloth or woollen socks, closely fitting, and with separate fingers for the great digits, and stood in straw shoes, fastened classically by thongs of white rope or twisted straw: a large silken sash round the loins, in which were placed the greater and lesser swords, for murder or suicide, as required, completed their costumes. The head also is not adorned quite *à la Chinoise*; for the whole front of the head is not shaven, only the top, having the hair long at the sides and back, which being gathered together is made into a queue, stiffened with grease and ointment, and turned back so as to lie upon the bare top of the head.

This was the aspect of the

RURAL SCENERY IN JAPAN.

One afternoon we went in the galley a little distance up the river nearest us, and landed close to a high trestle bridge, which spanned a stream of forty or fifty feet; a well laid-out road, twenty feet wide,

with hedges on each side, and apparently leading into the country, promised us good views of rural life, and we accordingly followed it. The ditches on each side, the flowery banks, the willows growing in the hedgerows, all reminded us of home scenery, and the thatched cottages gleaming here and there at small intervals, were English-like; these houses, at every two or three hundred yards on each side of the road, were roughly built of wood, the little domain of each running back towards parallel roads or small streams; the fields were just being turned up by the plough, a large two-tongued spade, forced by the hand into the rich black loam; a few fields were lying fallow, over which roamed groups of ponies, of about thirteen hands high, wiry and shaggy. The proprietors, dressed in long grey robes, and sandals of straw, or high wooden clogs, were rosy-cheeked, fat, and civil; and numberless healthy children ran out of every door to look at the "Englishes," and were generally accompanied by large white dogs, vociferous in the extreme. A tall grey-bearded peasant came out of his house to meet us, and, with great courtesy of manners, invited us into it; unfortunately, this was forbidden by the port regulations, so that we contented ourselves with a glance at the comfortable interior, where a bright charcoal fire glowed, and on the raised and matted dais near it was an elderly dame, busied in household offices.

He was much pleased with the

JAPANESE WOMEN.

Just arrived from the tropics, the ruddy, too ruddy cheeks, red lips, and eyes bright with health, struck me most; the face and features are rather too Mongolian; their forms are full and tall, the skin fair; small uncompressed stockingless feet, and luxuriant hair, and white and even teeth, complete the number of the charms of the young and unmarried: the married blacken their teeth, and destroy other charms most ruthlessly, which I at first imagined proceeded from the jealousy of their lords; but subsequently hearing that a man's momentary dislike permits him to send away his wife, and that Japanese dames may vie in renown with the buried matrons of republican Rome, I was at a loss to guess a cause, until I incidentally heard that any official seeing a pretty woman married to an inferior, and wishing it, may take her to his home as an additional wife. I hope that neither of these causes of divorce are common; indeed my walks in the country led me eventually to think that they are not usual, as I saw rosy blooming children rushing out of almost every cottage-door.

Virtue appears to coexist even with so strange a practice as

PROMISCUOUS BATHING IN JAPAN.

Another extraordinary summer amusement is the promiscuous public bathing of both sexes of all ages: they enter a small room, barely fifteen feet square, and only partially screened from the remainder of the rooms,—with uncurtained windows opening on the streets,—and close to other inmates of the house, pursuing their mechanical avocations,—and in perfect nakedness perform all the operations of the bath,—wrinkled age and budding girlhood alike unabashed, surrounded and pressed on by senility, early manhood, and frolicsome childhood. Self-possession, quietness, and order reigned as paramount as in the salons of the most civilised people: curiosity fled quickly before the sensations such a scene naturally creates, though it led me to stand outside and watch the persons issuing and entering the small bathing-house; and without being able to pique myself on one and the least of the *fortes* of the Great Condé, that of detecting the condition of each passer-by, I saw enough to convince me that the bathers were not confined to the lowest or dissolute classes. The police effectually prevent all intercourse between Europeans and the fair Japanese, the loss of the head being the punishment fulminated against any one found conversing with an European, and all the gallantry of our allies quartered in the temple was unavailable, I heard, to achieve a conquest: though perhaps ere this, a *roman* from the prolific pen of some great French novelist may be issuing in some *feuilleton* at Paris to contradict the assertion, and be still more wondrous than the romantic amours of Dr. Yvan in Malay, or the adventures described in "Vingts Années aux Philippines."

The conduct of the Governor proved that the higher classes of Japanese are both well-informed and polished. His visit to the ship is thus described:—

When the interview had lasted about half an hour, the guests were taken in to luncheon, and they sat down without much awkwardness, the governor keeping his interpreter close to him, and the sword-bearer with sheathed and reversed sword behind him. Of each dish handed round to us a small portion was taken on their plates and tasted; but our *cuisine* was not much to their *goût*. French rolls, pastry, fruit, tartlets, and dessert were most relished by the great man, who with good breeding ate with an apparent relish unattempted or unachieved by the generality of his suite. Beer, claret, sherry, and sweet wines were alternately drunk by the governor, who invited the captains to take with him quite *à l'Anglaise*, and, after having drunk many glasses of every liquid

offered him, some Old Tom of great age was produced, and several glasses taken by him with great *grace*; the other faces round the table became very red; for, like the Chinese, the Japanese blood becomes soon inflamed by spirituous liquors, and quickly unfolds in the countenance the ruddy ensign of Bacchus. The governor alone, to the last, displayed a calm, pale face, though his potatoes had been longest and deepest, and was, with the chief interpreter, an exception to the general inexperience in the use of knives and forks. After dinner, the O'Banyu was informed of our custom of drinking the health of our gracious sovereign; and, on the toast being given, rose, imitated by his suite, deeming that the most respectful attitude to drink it in. The Commodore then "respectfully proposed the health of the Emperor of Japan;" upon which all again rose and drank the toast. The band, which had hitherto been playing *morceaux*, marches, and the national air, now commenced a series of pieces of dancing music, and the heads of the "high officers" began to wag in time—the first indication they had given that the music reached their ears. The manners of our guests at table were not unpleasing, excepting in the particular instance of taking a roll of thin paper from the interior of the bosom of the robe, and deliberately separating a leaf, using it as a pocket handkerchief, rolling it up, and then throwing it into a corner. Indian and Chinese silk handkerchiefs will, I trust, be soon introduced, as the custom is one of which they already see the ill-breeding. His Excellency, to my astonishment, immediately after luncheon reminded the Commodore of the promise to show the ship, and proposed inspecting it at once. Immediately on entering the main-deck he stopped at the first gun, and with great shrewdness asked several questions about the foundry of guns, the use of the gear about it, and, thoroughly understanding the loading, desired to see the tubes, and to be permitted to fire one, which he did, after stooping down and looking at the pointing: he then asked for one of the carbines which he saw in their places above his head, capped it, pointed it out of the port, and fired it. He made most pertinent inquiries concerning every object that struck him as he went round the ship, occasionally taking a roll of paper from the all-capacious breast of the robe, and roughly sketching anything the manufacture of which he wished to have elucidated. There was a calm dignity and good-breeding in his method of eliciting information which was really admirable.

The reader will doubtless remember the sympathy excited here by the rebellion in China, and the ignorant infatuation that associated it with a conversion of the rebels to Christianity. What came of it let this passage tell:—

SHANGHAI.

Last year I had passed through the deserted streets of the Chinese city of Shanghai, and seen the deadly fruits of its long occupation by the band of pirates and vagabonds who had taken it from the panic-struck officers of the empire—walls deeply indented by cannon-shot, roofless buildings, rifled dwelling houses, temples turned into manufactories of powder and guard-rooms, and withal an air of desolation so dominant that the stranger's steps resounded as if he were pacing a city disintegrated from the accumulated rubbish of centuries; and occasionally the sight of a half-famished pallid Chinaman, with long dishevelled hair, shrinking out of view, or piteously whining for charity, were a few of the details of the rueful spectacle presented by this once flourishing city. Since its recapture by the aid of our gallant allies, it has slowly recovered a portion of its former prosperity; and, in my walk through the city and its suburbs, I saw that new buildings, or the rebuilding of old structures, were progressing favourably, and fast hiding the unseemly scars of the injuries inflicted by the treacherous bands from the south.

General Monteith has compiled a history of the early wars in which Kars and Erzeroum were involved. He has given a copious account of the invasion of Persia by Peter the Great, and of the expedition under Count Zuboff, as well as of the more recent ones under Prince Paskiewitch. He asserts the fearful fact, that up to the present time a million and a half of men in the prime of life have perished in the Caucasus and Georgia, in wars occasioned by the rapacity of Russia, in her endeavours to seize and retain these ill-fated regions. Kars, it seems, scarcely offered any resistance to the Prince, and its capture was immediately followed by that which is the usual attendant on sieges.

PESTILENCE IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Hardly had the Russians gained Kars, when the plague made its appearance in the army. It has been asserted that it first manifested itself among the Turks who had come from Erzeroum, as it was certainly not supposed to exist in Kars at the time of the assault. I am, however, inclined to adhere to the opinion of those who hold that it originated in the circumstance of the troops having gone into the houses and brought out a considerable quantity of old clothing and other articles which had been long shut up. The plague manifested itself almost immediately after this; and as the clothes and even the

bedding of those who die of the plague are very rarely destroyed, but are thrown into some dark closet or cellar, where the infection is probably retained for a very long period, I think this was the most probable cause of the appearance of the disease. General Paskiewitch acted on the occasion with admirable decision and good sense. He immediately acknowledged the presence of the disease, and took measures with the utmost promptitude for its suppression. The different divisions were then separated into distinct camps, and quarantines and fumigating chambers established in each. As soon as any decided case of plague showed itself, the patient was carried to the infected quarantine; all articles capable of being washed were conveyed to the river, and others were fumigated and exposed to the air. Such articles as could not be subjected to either of these operations were burnt, but a recompense for their loss was made to the owners, or no precautions would have been sufficient to prevent many things from being concealed. The men by whom these duties were performed had wax-cloth coverings, and their hands and arms were covered with oil or pitch, both of which are supposed to prevent infection. All the men and officers, the commander-in-chief not excepted, were obliged to bathe daily in the river, and this appeared to be what the troops disliked most. All military movements were suspended, great as were the objections to giving the enemy time to collect and recover themselves from the depression occasioned by the rapid fall of Kars; and in twenty days the terrible pestilence was at an end in the army: 530 cases had been sent to the plague hospital; but 263 of these were either found not to have been actually attacked by the disease, or else they soon recovered so as to join their corps. The great secret in dealing with this fearful enemy appears to have been separating the men, especially the sick, as much as possible; none but the most clear and decided cases were put into the infected wards; and many who seemed at first to show symptoms were afterwards found not to be really affected by the disease. It may truly be said that never was so great a calamity attended with so little loss.

How a conquered people are treated by their conquerors, even in spite of all efforts of the rulers, is shown in this:

INSULTS OF A RUSSIAN AGENT.

This man discovered that two young women from Erivan were in the family of Ali Yar Khan, and insisted on their being given up, though the girls themselves could not be induced to express any wish to that effect, and one of them was even engaged to be married to a head servant of the Khan. It was insisted, nevertheless, that they should remain at the Russian mission for a few days, to ascertain that they were free from intimidation; but Rustum while engaged in this affair made use of the most indecent language, and ordered the women to be taken to the bath, saying they were reserved for some of the mission. The people now rose and attacked the house in which the embassy was lodged; the first victim was Mirza Yacoub, the eunuch, who expired under numerous wounds, and after considerable resistance, in the course of which several of the assailants were slain. The two women were carried off; the crowd for a time dispersed, and it was hoped the embassy might escape. The mob, however, had only retired with the dead bodies of their countrymen, which they displayed publicly in the mosques and bazaars; and they then returned in greater numbers, and bringing with them, besides the Looties (plunderers, and other persons of bad character), even some of the military tribes in attendance on the King. The Russian mission had not had time to secure the approaches to their dwelling, and, after a brave but irregular resistance, were overpowered and killed. Rustum was knocked down, but reserved for a more lingering death; he was dragged through the streets, and died after most protracted sufferings. Forty-four of the mission perished; and any Europeans of whatever nation, who might have been found in their company, would have been included in the massacre. Some of the servants of the Russian mission were lodged in the stables of the British embassy, but they shared the fate of the rest. So general and violent indeed was the first burst of the insurrection that the ordinary guards and police, in endeavouring to protect the embassy, had been completely overpowered and obliged to seek refuge in the citadel, in which the royal palace was situated. The King was compelled to close the gates, and he remained a prisoner in his capital for four days; but at the end of that time the people, having neither leaders nor object, began to get tired of the insurrection. The King was now able to send out his guards, who dispatched all those found in arms; many of the men of bad character, who had led the riot, were arrested and executed; others had their eyes put out, and five of the heads of districts were decapitated. The inhabitants were then terrified and subdued, and returned to their allegiance.

The *Visit to Sebastopol* has been anticipated by numberless descriptions in newspapers and books, and therefore this little volume needs nothing more from us than a recommendation of it to those whose interest in the subject is still unexhausted.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Arctic Enterprise: a Poem, in seven parts. By CHANDOS HOSKINS ABRAHAM. London: Hope and Co.

Poems of Ten Years. By Mrs. D. OGILVY. London: Bosworth.

The Dream, and other Poems. By JOSEPH T. CHAPMAN. London: Binns and Goodwin.

Poems. By J. H. London: Whittaker.

THE *Arctic Enterprise*, by Mr. Abraham, is a work of careful research, of general information, and unusual metrical merit. We wish it could be satisfactorily abridged—not because it is wearisome, not because it has useless episodes and expletives, but because we live in an age when a lengthy poem is not so often, certainly not so carefully, read as a short one; and there is material in this poem which repays perusal. As a narrative, it is replete with instruction; as a poem, in which the poet reasons, reflects, and adorns his pictures with the warm colour of his intellect, it is correct and graphic. The subject in itself has a painful interest, since there are few readers who have not felt enthralled by Polar enterprise—who have not in spirit gone with those hardy adventurers who have sailed forth unto danger and death in order to discover the Northwest Passage. What buoyant hopes have been aroused only to be shattered! What dreams of fame—fame of the most ennobling kind, since it belongs to the conquest of science—have been excited, only to be dispelled by the presence of some fearful reality! Slowly we brought ourselves to the belief that the gallant Franklin was no more; and a sudden pang shot into our English hearts when we heard but too surely of the death of Lieut. Bellot—as noble a pulse as ever throbbed stilled beneath the ice of Wellington Channel! France may be, and is, proud of her son; but that fearful death, coming as it did in the hour of generous daring, sundered the geographical bounds of the hero's nationality. Bellot, the beloved, no longer belongs to France: he is the child of the wide world!

With such materials, a very ordinary poet might have excited an interest in a poem; but Mr. Abraham is not an ordinary poet, and the interest is thereby increased. We have in this volume a very faithful narrative of the "daring exploits of all ages and nations in the remote seas of the north;" but the poem is written chiefly to commemorate the achievements of our own British seamen. Such a poem cannot be read without pleasure and profit; and we are delighted with the opportunity to make it known to our readers.

Poems of Ten Years, by Mrs. Ogilvy, would be very interesting, if interest depended on variety of subject. But a poet, to make his presence felt, must rely on more ennobling means than variation of rhythm, or manifold themes. We have searched with more than ordinary care through the numerous pages of Mrs. Ogilvy's book for those footprints of immortality which inevitably indicate the march of genius, but they are nowhere to be found. We have, indeed, returned from the research with less hope and more regret, because we perceive but too plainly that the ten years passed at the foot of Parnassus have not been productive of sufficient beauty to atone for the time so spent. It is possible that we have been applying too severe a test to this volume of poems—that we have been seeking for that high imaginative power in the writer of "Highland Minstrelsy" and "Traditions of Tuscany" to which she lays no claim. Let this be granted—let these poems be fairly compared with the host of volumes which our duty compels us to read every year—let us look for the evidence of a quick but not a sublime intellect, for the marks of artistic cleverness, but not of bold invention—and we shall find that Mrs. Ogilvy's volume occupies a respectable, though not an elevated place.

The most truthful part of *The Dream*, by Mr. Chapman, is its name; and we hardly know whether it is fair to treat rationally what is openly admitted to be a vision—"A Poem of the Judgment Day." It pains us to think how often, and how successfully, poetasters, by their wretched effusions, have turned the majesty of that solemn day into a mountebank show. The sacredness of the Unseen and the Unknown has been vulgarly invaded, under the notion that, because a man knows the difference, and can show it in print too, between an anapaest and a trochee, therefore his feeble imagination has a right to represent God on "His Throne of Thrones,"

surrounded with all the miserable glitter and tinsel which the poet has borrowed from Madame Tussaud.

And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

We have no encouraging word for this insane *Dream* by Mr. Chapman, this miserable thing "full of sound and"—folly! We have rarely seen a more absurd mixture of divine themes and worldly images. The whole poem is a marvel of rhapsody, false imagery, and sonorous nonsense.

On Fancy's wings I pass'd the gorgeous doors
Of the horizon: arch'd with cluster'd globes
That reach'd the walls of heaven; piled up like stores
Of thunderbolts, or like imperial robes
Hung from the shoulders of Infinitude,
Or finger-marks of Deity that dew'd
His walks through space.

Let the reader note the incongruity of the figures, and observe their unlikeness—let him mark the hard push for a rhyme so that the word "dew'd" is forced into nonsensical alliance with "finger-marks of Deity." The palaces of heaven are described as

Tip'd with light, as with the hoary hairs
That wreath Eternity.

Has this really a meaning? We conclude the verse.

Its gorgeous heaps
Of mystic pomp were piled like golden stairs
That reach'd the star-protuberance where there sleeps
Sublime Infinitude; as if to form
A staff to steady the Almighty's arm.

Is it possible that "the hoary hairs" are explained in the line "a staff to steady the Almighty's arm"—that, in fact, the Eternal is grown aged?

Mark again how the Supreme Judge

Whose angry look
Turn'd shuddering Nature pale.

is made subject to mishaps suggested by, if not actually similar to, those which afflict mortals and their garments:

Whose cloudy cloak
Seem'd hitch'd to heaven, as if in passing by
The twisted stars it tangled in the sky.

Our author evidently notes some mysterious connection between the words "hitched" and "stars;" but we should think it cannot consist in their equal melodiousness.

Still myriads more advanced, who stayed their cars
Before the walls of heaven, as if in sleep
Creation nodding hetch'd its curls of stars
To heaven's eternal gates.

One more extract, to confirm what has been already shown—namely, that the author's mind is incapable of soaring into the region of actual grandeur, but that it mistakes gloss for splendour, and has no power of considering spirit, apart from secular commonplaces. The poet is speaking of the angels:

They trail'd their gorgeous robes of burnish'd gold
And cluster'd gems, and moved in glittering ranks
Like floating firmaments, as if they stroll'd
To gather jewels from the azure tanks
Of the horizon, or as though they flew
To Nature's barracks for a grand review.

Now all this, like the poem itself, is excessively mean, gaudy, and nonsensical. We have no apprehension that our readers will think those remarks unmerited, and we hope they may be so far useful as to check in other small poets the desire to dress the judgment-seat of the Infinite in such tawdry terms as the late George Robins might have employed in disposing of an upholsterer's stock.

Mr. Chapman in his brief preface has his little kick at the critic. The critic, of course, is a monster, and is fair game for the smallest foot that ever came out of Lilliput. Mr. Chapman says that he "does not expect to escape that censure which has been the lot of our greatest poets, and has often drawn the life-blood of genius. Why not escape? Is the inference sufficiently plain that he is either a great poet or a youthful genius? If Mr. Chapman thinks himself a genius because we have censured him, he is heartily welcome to the belief.

A volume of poems by "J. H.," calls for less stringent objection than "A Poem on the Judgment Day," because it is less presumptuous. The author should have practised composition longer before he made his public appearance; he would then have had ample time to write and to destroy, and from the ashes of each destruction there would probably arise some more positive forms of beauty than his present volume contains. The poet has, however, common sense on his side, which is a decided virtue just now. J. H.'s chief defect is a want of musical accentuation. His muse has a "shuffling gait," not the onward and graceful sweep which culture alone gives.

In almost every page we note the stamp of inexperience, and occasionally of actual carelessness quite indefensible. We will only quote two verses from "An Invocation to Spring," the first a repetition of what has been often written, and the last the vilest example of incorrect accentuation we have seen for a long time.

Say to the chilling frost Retire,
And wake the warblers of the grove;
Inspire again the feather'd choir
To gaily chant their songs of love.

Break earth's trammels—loose the ice-bound,
Let nature spring in bloom again;
And each heart enjoy the glad sound
By the gay lark's exulting strain.

Will J. H. affirm that this extract, where the birds are described as just beginning to sing, is a proper and a "pretty dish" to set before a school-boy, not to say a word about a king? If he answer in the negative there is yet hope for him, because he will study and toil, and revise, and, duly using that lively fancy which he really possesses, he will at length grow into the perfect artist.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Solitary Hunter is the title of a small volume describing the sporting adventures in the Prairies of John Palliser, Esq., prefaced with some valuable hints to sportsmen who may contemplate a campaign in the wilds of America with game better worth pursuing than hares, preserved pheasants, and partridges. The work looks like a reprint from an American publication; but we know not if it be so. It is interesting to all, and especially attractive to those who love sporting adventures.

The Georgics of Virgil, with English explanatory notes at the end of each volume instead of at the foot of the page, have been published by Mr. Jno. E. Sheridan (Masters). It is distinguished for the copiousness of these notes, which are twentyfold the length of the text. But is that an advantage?

We need not do more than name the *Adventures of Jules Gerard the Lion-killer*, for they have been introduced to English readers in many separate narratives and abstracted forms. But now they are accessible to all, for a translation of the work is published in Lambert's "Amusing Library," at a price that all can afford; and it is an amusing book, more marvellous than any romance, if it be not in itself a romance.

The Annals of England is a compilation of a curious and original character. It is a sort of expanded

chronology. The public events are briefly stated under each year; but with them are mingled a multitude of incidental occurrences and notes of things said and done about the time, which throw great light upon the social life of the people. It is a book that will be found impossible to read, but very useful for reference, and curious when opened here and there.

The fifth volume of Singer's *Shakespeare* continues the tragedy. It is neatly printed, and the size is convenient.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

QUARTERLIES have come to us from England and from America. Comparing them, there can be no hesitation in according to the English periodicals the greater ability. The *North British* is yet in its youth, but it exhibits the vigour of manhood. The *North American* is in the prime of its life, but it shows the failing powers of age. There is about the former an originality and freshness of thought not found in the latter. The subjects discussed in either are equally interesting in themselves; but they are not treated with the same mastery. The *North British Review* is unusually literary, probably anticipating the turn of the tide of public taste, which peace is sure to produce. "Plays and Puritans" is an essay on the early English dramatists, brilliantly written. Another reviews the works of the late Mr. Justice Talfourd, but with less vigour. Macaulay is the occasion for a paper on "Historical Painting." Grote's Greece and Indian Literature are other themes of general interest; and "The Weather and its Prognostics" is one of the delightful articles popularising science for which this *Review* is famous.

The *North American Review* has a paper on American Literature, which is fairly estimated; its defects candidly acknowledged. It is said to be thoroughly and essentially English; that is true, and it is its great fault. It copies English literature instead of attempting a literature of its own. "The Poetry of Anatomy" is the most pleasant article in this number, thoroughly popularising a subject too often made repulsive by its treatment. Reade's novels have ample justice done to their great merits. The Total Abstinence question is treated of apropos of the article in a late number of the *Westminster Keightley's Milton* is the other paper of general interest, but it has nothing noteworthy in it.

The *Eclectic* has taken for its most prominent theme the Life and Writings of Dr. Kitto.

The *Ladies' Companion* has another sporting engraving, with a picture of the fashions. Why are the ladies always favoured here with sporting pictures?

Bentley's best paper is on "The Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria." Mr. Dudley Costello's novel, entitled "The Joint-Stock Banker," is continued. It is somewhat too much a tale of the day to please us.

The *Art Journal* engraves Peel's "Children in the Wood," and Hering's "Amoli," from the pictures in the Royal Galleries. The illustrated papers are on the "Minstrels of the Middle Ages," by Mr. Cutts, "British Art Manufacture," and Creswick, of whose best pictures some beautiful woodcuts are given.

Henry Mayhew's *London*, Part III., continues the very interesting and valuable account of the prisons, illustrated with many engravings.

Hogg's *Instructor* is opening a new theme, the Lords of Lancashire, i.e., the Cotton Lords. Another promising series begun here is called "A Phase of Medical Life."

The *Journal of the Dublin Statistical Society* opens with a valuable paper on "the Effect of War on Prices." Dr. Hancock's essay, entitled "A Perfect Income-tax," may be perused with profit just now; as may also Mr. McKenna's essay on the Court of Quarter Sessions in Ireland.

A new periodical called *The London University Magazine* emanates from the institution after which it is named. On the whole, it is creditable to its juvenile contributors; but let us give them a word of advice. Don't deal with such topics as the treatment of convicts, medical legislation, and our relations with America; they are beyond the capacity, because out of the range of the experience, of college youths. Stick to pure literature, where fancy may range at will, as tales, poetry, and themes.

The *Dublin University Magazine* has reverted to its old owners, and maintains its title to esteem as one of the best of the magazines. The review of the works of Napoleon the Third will interest all. "Great Wits and Little Stories" is a capital article made out of the recent *ana* of Rogers and Raikes. "The Age of the Earth" is a learned and suggestive essay.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* narrates the proceedings of Cromwell's army in Ireland in 1651; and, apropos of this time, it introduces the account of the fireworks in the Green Park at the peace of Aix la Chapelle, as described in the letters of the Duke of Montague. The Obituary is as copious as ever.

Blackwood compensates in this number for the leanness of the last. A review of Montalembert's *Future of England*; a delightful paper on Fishponds and Fishing Boats; "Letters from the Banks of the Irawaddie;" and a notice of "The Art of Travel"—is an attractive bill of fare, and every dish is good. Here, also, is begun a new tale, called "Metamorphosis," which promises well.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

DICTIONARIES are consulted in cases of literary doubt and difficulty; but no one would take seriously to reading a dictionary from beginning to end as he would the pages of an ordinary book. We have heard, indeed, of a person having read through Johnson's Dictionary, with the utmost relish, from the first A to the last Z, and we can understand how one may spend many a pleasant and profitable hour in turning over the pages of such a work as the Dictionary of Trévoux, a singular monument of minute reading and literary industry, applied to such common things as words and their meanings; but, unless driven to such extremity as Washington Irving's country inn on a rainy day, we cannot conceive of one taking down from dusty book-shelf a dictionary wherewithal to amuse himself. It has fewer charms than the old gazetteer or the old almanac. Dictionaries, in truth, are treated pretty much in the same way as an ungrateful world treats obliging friends. We respect them so long as they serve our turn, and then they are cast aside and forgotten until we have again occasion to apply to them. The pocket-dictionary is as rarely carried in the pocket as the accommodating friend is carried in the bosom. Because the dictionary costs us but a few shillings, we little think of the time and the labour which were bestowed upon its original construction and how much we are indebted to those who, through its medium, have smoothed the paths to knowledge. We are speaking of the constructors of dictionaries, not of mere compilers, who avail themselves of the materials collected by the first master-builders, at a cheap rate; we speak of those who, finding a language uncertain and chaotic, have reduced it to order and given to it

orthographical symmetry and grammatical precision. How long Robert Stephens was employed on the construction of his *Latin Thesaurus* we are not aware; but we know that his son Henry was employed for twelve years on his Greek *Thesaurus*, and its publication proved his ruin. The man who by this work conferred so great a boon upon scholars was compelled to lead a wandering life, and died at last in an hospital. It required eight years of Johnson's life, assisted by a body of six amanuenses, to complete his English Dictionary; and the *Dictionnaire général* of Trévoux, already alluded to, needed, to complete the first edition in three volumes folio, six years, and a whole staff of Jesuit Fathers. But, if the labour which must be expended on the construction of a dictionary of a written language is great, it must be greatly augmented where one busies himself with an unwritten or barbarous language. The Propagandists and our own missionaries bear testimony to this fact. Years must be devoted to acquiring an oral knowledge of an African or remote Asiatic language, and other years must be devoted to its grammatical analysis, if it is always capable of one, and to present it in a uniform orthographical method to the eye by means of written characters. The last great attempt in this way was made by a Russian naturalist and orientalist, A. E. Figurin. He had collected materials towards the formation of a Yakutish-Russian Dictionary, but died before he had thoroughly arranged them. We learn that the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia is now occupied in completing his work, with a view to its publication.

As every one has not heard of Figurin or of the Yakuts and their language, we venture to

submit a few particulars. Figurin was the son of a Russian ecclesiastic, through whose instructions he conceived a great love for natural science, geography, and the study of foreign languages. After completing his medical studies at St. Petersburg in 1815, he was appointed surgeon to the marine hospital of Swenborg. Here he had an opportunity of applying himself to his favourite studies, and of extending his knowledge of foreign languages. In 1820 he was appointed surgeon to the expedition fitted out to explore the Frozen Ocean and the north-east coast of Siberia, under Lieut. Anjou, which placed him in a sphere where he could turn his science to account, and prosecute his investigations at pleasure. Baron Ferdinand von Wrangel, the present Russian Minister of Marine, made part of this expedition, and with his discoveries the public is already acquainted. During Figurin's four years' stay in the polar regions, and his constant intercourse with the Yakuts—an Arctic nomadic people, whose language is an extreme branch of the Turkish stem—he had an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with their manners, customs, and language; and on his return to St. Petersburg, in 1824, brought with him a mass of materials to form the basis of the Yakutish dictionary, which he had projected. His various official engagements prevented him from reducing these materials to proper order, and upon his death, in October 1851, one third of his immense labour remained unfinished. His manuscripts are, as above stated, in proper hands, and the dictionary may be shortly expected to appear. The dictionary will be of some bulk, as Figurin did not confine himself to a mere vocabulary. He not only gives single words, but whole

phrases, proverbial and idiomatical expressions, the declensions of the nouns and the conjugations of the verbs, as far as possible. As the dictionary, when published, is not likely to be consulted but by a few English philologists, we may as well give the reader a specimen of some of its contents, by quoting a few extracts, of a proverbial character, which have already appeared. A Yakut will slaughter a mare to entertain a guest; but he has a saying: "Even the most kindly host cannot slaughter a mare for his guest, if he has her not." The mare is an animal held in great esteem by these people, and is often introduced into their proverbs.

Laugh not, O mare, when the stallion is buried under ground, for to thee also will arrive the turn to be slaughtered. When the wooer hears of the slaughter of mares, he immediately thinks his marriage is bespoken.

To understand the last, it must be supposed that the father of the betrothed has slaughtered a mare to entertain his future son-in-law. Like the ancient Scandinavians, the Yakuts give banquets of horse-flesh. When a man dies his favorite horse is slaughtered and buried with him; at the same time a mare is slaughtered to furnish the funeral banquet. In allusion to this custom the Yakuts have a saying: "The fish did not come to the mouth of the living, but mare's flesh came to the share of the dead." In similar manner they say: "While I lived I could kindle no fire; now I am dead they give me a flint and steel"—a flint and steel being placed in his grave. "The living is denied a single board; to the dead is given a whole chest." The meaning of such sayings as the following is obvious enough:—

When the bee goes into the water, to drown the emmet, two creatures perish at once. He who finds the whortle-berry in the sand-field, will find the sand-berry on the whortle-bush. Bear, if thou now complainest of the arrow, with what words wilt thou accuse the hunting-knife? There needs no bridge over the ice. If the proud cow will not give milk, she must be broken for the rider. What use is the salmon-net to him who goes beaver-hunting? The fool goes out into the wood with a crooked stick, to catch martens. The lover, who carries his bride across the bog, feels the burthen of the lightest birch tree. The bride will be carried safely over the widest river by her bridegroom; the wife, who hangs upon the back of her husband, is in danger of being drowned in the narrowest brook. The (Arctic) winter brings two different things at once: white days and black nights. If you put bark-dough into the oven, you will not draw out barley-bread. One wolf never says to another: What an ugly voice you have! The hens do not cry when the geese die. The request of the great breaks through the laws of the small. The gift-cow has teats, but no udder. The child of fortune lay in an acorn, and saw a bear shot by the hunter.

Both German and Russian scholars are busying themselves with the languages of the Greenlanders and Esquimaux; but, as we cannot hope to make the subject sufficiently interesting to the reader, we simply record the fact—along with another fact, that, notwithstanding Arctic colds, the Esquimaux has a warm heart beating beneath his sealskin doublet. He has his love songs. He has no roses to which he can resemble the cheeks of his mistress, nor cherries to which he may liken her lips, nor gazelles to which he can compare her airy tread and "soft black eye"—if such be its colour; but he borrows his images from his own icebound land, and from the nature he beholds around him. One sample of his love-poetry only:—

Thou art fair, O my love, like the green pasture,
When in Spring young blades sprout forth;
Thy skin shines like the snow—
Like the snow on the hill of Najarsuak;
Thy fingers are white—
White as the teeth of the hind;
Thy smile is lovely—
Lovely as the melting ice.

The last simile we hold as most beautiful. It is the full complement to the "green pasture," and transfers the thoughts from the "white days and the black nights," snow, ice, darkness, and desolation, to sunshine and reviving nature. But we have detained the reader too long in Arctic regions; let us therefore away now to sunny France.

Here we make the acquaintance of a Catherine—a veritable Kate; and Kates, it is said, will always have it their own way. They are allowed to be fickle as the wind, uncertain as the seasons. They frown like the darkest day in December, and smile, when they please, like the brightest day in June. They are shrewish, it is said; but that may be mere libel. That they are whimsical and capricious is beyond all doubt. Our French Kate—Catherine Meurdac—had a temper of her

own, and a will of her own. She was a seventeenth-century George Sand, without her talents, but equally setting the opinion of the world at defiance—a Lola Montes, without her vices, but equally dexterous in the use of the cane. Catherine Meurdac was an amazon. She could fence, shoot, ride, hunt, and swim. Had boxing been in vogue in her days, we doubt not that with the gloves she would have been a match for a Dutch Sam. In her memoirs she speaks pretty freely of herself, and on some subjects with a freedom befitting the age of a Montpensier, and which no lady-writer would in these prudish days attempt. These memoirs, upon the genuineness of which doubts have been cast, but without good reason, have again appeared, and will no doubt be read with great avidity.* In her young days she was hoydenish enough; but she had a charm and a spirit which made her very hoydenishness enchanting to every young gentleman of breeding. Of her juvenile exercises she thus speaks:—

As my humour has always been martial, I begged my father to give me a fencing-master, which he granted. I confess I never had more pleasure than while I held the foil in my hand. In exercising this art with my master, my wrist became sufficiently firm. There were two young gentlemen in our neighbourhood, who often came to visit my father. I always made them some challenge touching the foil. They were obliging enough to put themselves in guard and parry my thrusts. I warmed up, and we seldom separated before I had given them several points. My father, who was present, took extreme pleasure in this. As to the pistol and fusil, I was dexterous enough, and managed to take a good aim.

Catherine was not for ever fencing and discharging pistols, however; with three companions, she enjoyed all the gaieties of a rural life. Such a pretty little lively party of nymphs and naiads the gods never witnessed. "All our pastimes bordered on little diversions, such as the guitar, singing, rambles, collations, and bathing in the little river of Yerres, the water of which is the clearest that can be seen, and the most beneficial." Nor was Catherine always singing and dipping in the river. There came in her way—"by Providence," she says—a gay young French officer, M. de la Guette. Before this she had had many suitors, who were attracted by her dowry. This she had the good sense to discover, and soon discharged them from their pretended allegiance. Her father proposed to her several as husbands; but Catherine, having a will of her own, would have none of them.

One day when my mother went to pay her respects to Madame d'Angoulême, I saw in the chamber of this princess a handsome man, who looked hard at me. This made me curious to know who he was. My sister informed me that he was a gentleman whom M. d'Angoulême greatly respected, and whom many people made much of. I returned to my father's house, but not so free as when I left it, because this man, so very handsome, always flattered my idea, and gave me inquietude without knowing why. I have known since then; for I loved him enough to make him my husband, as you shall see by-and-by. *Therentre* was the same on his side; the so frequent looks he gave me formed in his breast such an advantageous idea of me, that nothing but death could have destroyed it.

Here was one of those cases of love at first sight that this world of ours has so often witnessed; and here again was proved—for heaven knows how many times—the truth of the adage "the course of true love never did run smooth." M. de la Guette, Captain of the Light Horse, was not acceptable to M. de Meurdac, who was as obstinate in temper as his daughter on occasions. He rejected the proposals of the gallant suitor, excusing himself by saying that he had already engaged his daughter. A scene ensued.

He (the Captain) began to swear and storm horribly, saying he well knew how to release my father from his word. My father, who was not in a humour to be carried away by such demonstrations, told him he would not budge an inch. All this *tintamarre* lasted a full hour in his cabinet, the one declaring his sentiment, the other combating it. My mother and I were in the saloon awaiting the return of the cavalier; he entered it in the greatest fury in the world, saying that my father had refused him, but that he knew how to obtain satisfaction; that he was resolved to kill to the seventh generation, and that he would begin with me.

Kate neither screamed nor fainted; she contrived even to convert the intended assassin into a martyr.

He went to my father's cabinet, pistol in hand, threw himself at his feet, and said to him in two

* Mémoires de Mme. de la Guette, avec un préface-notice de M. Moreau.

words: "Monsieur, I must have your daughter for wife, or death." He presented his pistol to him, and said: "There are three balls in it, draw the trigger!" My father threw away the pistol and remained inflexible.

The upshot was a runaway-marriage, and, as such marriages often prove in the long run, not a very happy one. Two fiery tempers were united; and frequent bickerings were the result. All was honey at first, however. M. de la Guette was often absent with his regiment. On the first occasion the amazon wife shed tears; on the second she dried her tears, her husband having assured her that if he found her crying on his return he would return no more. Instead, therefore, of moping in her closet, or attending to the duties of the kitchen, she dressed herself in male attire, enjoyed stag-hunting and dancing, and drank white wine without winking in the midst of jolly companions of her own sex. In her male attire, with the glass in her hand and a song on her lips, her husband surprised her one night, on returning from the army. She arose and said: "Here I am, if you want a cavalier to join your company, I am all equipped, as you may perceive, and ready to serve you!" What could a still-adoring husband do in such case but to kiss the madcap wife? Madame was a faithful wife throughout, and a true Frenchwoman—true to the interests of her country. In the cause of the royalists she displayed her courage on several occasions. Once she beat off a whole troop of *Frondeurs*, who were making too free with her cornfields, with her riding-whip. She was a gallant and daring horsewoman, and at the hunt was always first in at the death. She is very naïve in her accounts of her personal adventures. On one occasion she was making a journey to Bordeaux in the company of certain maids of honour:—

We were travelling by Balacan, and many officers followed us on foot. When we were in the prairie, I took pleasure in galloping my horse at full speed, without perceiving that my petticoats were a little drawn up. . . . "Ah! see how Madame de la Guette shows her leg!" I said to them: "There is no help for it. It is not like that of a heron. It is pretty, white, and well-polished, as you see; but you shall see it no more, for I am about to gallop harder than ever."

A few days after this the lady was thrown from her horse and broke her nose; but the broken nose did not prevent the Diana from riding and hunting afterwards. The memoirs throughout are animated and curious, but the reader must remember that they belong to the age of Louis Quatorze.

We have fallen in with nothing very remarkable in German literature of late. Our cousins appear to content themselves with the manufacture of innocent verses and translations. Among the latter we observe one announced of the Swedish poet Bellman's songs. We are glad of this so far, as Bellman, save in his own country, has never had the notice he deserves. In this country, except to a few, he is almost unknown. Arndt of Berlin said of him that he was one of the most extraordinary men who have ever lived, whether considered in his character as a man, or in his national character as a Swede. He lived in the blithe times of the genial Gustavus III., when every talent in the nation was put in motion and developed itself. He was born in 1741. His earliest efforts in poetry were of a religious character, such as his *Evangeliska Döds tankar*, meditations on the sufferings and death of the Saviour. Another of his poems was entitled—*Sions Högtid* ("The Feast of Zion"); but from Zion and its sanctities his genius took a sudden flight to the bowers of Venus and the shades of Bacchus, to sing of wine and love. Alas! his daily services in the temple of Bacchus, where his worship exceeded all bounds, undermined his health, shattered his brain, induced consumption, and after ten weeks of a sick-bed brought him to his grave, in 1795. He was a boon companion, a ready wit, an excellent improvisatore. Gustavus III., who called him his Swedish Anacreon, was very partial to him, and gave him an appointment, which was next to a sinecure, that he might indulge his poetic tastes without anxiety. When called to court to amuse this merry monarch of the North, he could do nothing until warmed with drink. He would then take his guitar, and sing as his fancy led him. He was a famous mimic, and would with his voice and guitar imitate the proceedings in a country church—the harsh voice of the farmers, the tread of their feet, their salutations and

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leave-takings. He was always in a gay humour; nothing came to cross him. He seldom had more than one coat. Once the King met him in the street, in grand negligée; and when the King said, "My dear Bellman, you look so ill-clad," he bowed and said, "I can humbly assure your Majesty that I have my whole wardrobe on my back." We have before us his *Valda Skrifter* (select works); and, on the very first page we open, we have a chorus of undertakers, in the "Ceremonial of the Parentation, in the chapter of the Two Golden Pigs, held over Brandy-distiller and Count Lundholm," to this effect:

Bacchus vi dyrka:
Här är vår kyrka.
Bacchus! gjut styrka
I dina krua.
&c. &c.

Bacchus we worship: here is our temple. Bacchus! pour strength into thy mug.

Priestesses.—We are women, priestesses of Bacchus, and the handmaidens with his house, &c. &c.

The piece is replete with fun over such a solemn occasion. It is not possible, however, to give an adequate idea of Bellman's humour, his quips, his cranks, his flashes and coruscations of genius, through the medium of a translation. His wit is not always very reverend, and he freely introduces Adam, Noah, Moses, Saul, and David and the Prophets into his drinking-songs. Thus he sings of Noah:—

Gubben Noah var en hedersman:
När han gick ur arken,
Plantera han på marken
Mycket vin, ja, detta gjorde han.
&c. &c.

Grandsire Noah was a worthy man, and a worthy man was he; he came out of the ark, planted a vine in the mark (field), yes, and very much good did he. Noah rode out of the old rotten ark, and hired him a butler to tend to his cellar—rode out to drink wine in his park.

For well he knew that, by nature, man is thirsty as any other creature, so he planted a vine, and that was so fine. . . &c. &c.

Portions of this song will not bear translation. Another of his bacchanal rants begins—

Käre Bröder!
Drickom Moses skål, &c.

Brothers dear! Let us drink to the health of Moses: he is dead, but in this bowl his health we trowl, to revive his name and ancient fame, that he, even he, may guide us over the red, red sea, &c.

It is away from the wine-house that we like Bellman the best—in his pastorals for example, wherein he displays so much tenderness and appreciation of the beautiful in nature. It is provoking, however, that sometimes, while leading us into green pastures and by quiet rivers, through flowery meads and fragrant birch-woods, he should introduce his eternal bowl. Poor man! He wrote with great truth and untruth:

Bottlen är min flästmö
Min enda vän och maka.
The bottle it is my only jo,
My only friend and mate, O,
Within thine arms I mean to die,
And all the rest forsake, O.

Scotland had her whisky poets—poor misguided Tannahill and Burns among the number. Sweden, in Bellman, at least, had her brandy poet; beer poets still abound in Bavaria, and wine poets on the banks of the Rhine. Nevertheless, we should fear the advent of a mere cold-water poet.

Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

FRENCH.

Anecdotes du temps de la Terreur. Paris. 16mo. 1s.
Cavère, Fred.—De la Scénographie française. Paris. 8vo. 7s.
Césaire, Amedée de.—Les césars et les Napoléons. Paris. 8vo.
Chardon, J.—Les Chercheurs d'or. Les Batignolles. 8vo.
Chatin, G. A.—Anatomie comparée des végétaux, comprenant: 1. les plantes aquatiques; 2. les plantes aériennes; 3. les plantes parasites; 4. les plantes terrestres. Livr. II. III. Paris. 8vo. 7s.
Cuvillier-Fleury.—Voyages et Voyageurs. 1837-1854. Paris. 18mo.
Dantrevaux, C. R.—Bonnets rouges et Masques noirs. Correspondance et histoire de deux émigrés. Wazemmes. 18mo.
Dumas, Alex.—La Comtesse de Salisbury. 2 vols. Paris. 18mo. 4s.
Ferry, Gabriel (Louis de Bellemare).—Scènes de la vie mexicaine. Perico et Zaragata. Fray Scapio, &c. Paris. 16mo. 3s.
Libert, J.—Histoire de la chevalerie de France. Paris. 18mo. 3s.

GERMAN.

Anwart, E.—Lieder, &c. ("Songs," &c.) Schaefer. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Aus den Leben, &c. (Songs and scenes of Austrian life. Poems and tales, by T. L. Danis, L. Deutscher, and others.) Wien. 8vo. 2s.
Sagen und Bilder, &c. (Tales and legends of Westphalia.) Hamm. 16mo. 3s. 6d.

SPANISH.

Collección de novelas selectas, &c. Paris. 12mo.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, May 12.

The number of books on the table of your Paris correspondent is an instance that variety is not always amusing. Dipping at random into the collection, I intend placing a few before your readers, as this must give them a tolerably fair idea of what they call here the *mouvement littéraire du jour*.

The first on which my hand alights is decidedly superior to nine-tenths of the works which daily issue from the press of France—*Poèmes et Sonnets de William Shakespeare*, by M. E. Latond. The author has translated into easy flowing verse "Venus and Adonis," the "Rape of Lucrece," and other of Shakspeare's *parvus casti* poems, in a manner to give a vague idea to foreigners of the magic of Shakspeare's verse, and even to those acquainted with it, is tolerable.

"Number Two" is entitled *Chiromomony*, and the author is a military man, who has deeply studied the art of deciphering the webwork formed on the human palm. The book is amusing, but the author will convert none of his readers into a "chiromonomist," and, to say the truth, will convince very few that he sincerely believes in the opinions he puts forth.

Flânerie Parisienne aux Etats Unis, par M. le Comte d'Almberg, only succeeds in once more proving

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

M. d'Almberg gives the following as a portrait of the inhabitants of the Union. It is not flattered; but the likeness, though we must own to no great partiality for cousin Jonathan, can hardly be called a good one, viz.: they are "drunkards, supercilious, grossly uncivil towards strangers, aristocratic, ungrateful." He, however, admits they have one quality—the respect with which a man even of the lowest orders treats the fairer portion of creation. The book is made up of platitudes and attempts at wit, which, but for the handle to his name, would have led us to suppose that M. d'Almberg travelled not for pleasure nor information, but simply for orders. He also is addicted to truisms, equally new and profound, such as—"It is a long way from Havre to New York."—"Confidence is the basis of commerce."—"There is a difference between liberty and licence." The author, however, has passed a judgment on his book, which, with a slight modification, suits it to a T, viz., *c'est instructif mais peu amusant*; the omission of the first adjective converts it into a lenient sentence on his own effusion. For ourselves, we feel inclined to be more severe towards the *flâneries*, and decidedly agree with Molière—

Qu'un homme est bon à pendre après les avoir faits.

Will the reader allow us to introduce him to a gentleman he doubtless never heard of before?—M. Adrien Peladan. He tells us, in a preface to a volume, he has just committed the offence of launching into the world, under the title of *Briens et Aquilons*, that he has already published some poems which have been successful. M. Peladan is a provincial, which accounts for his ignorance of French; but we think he has mistaken his vocation—the fetters of verse cramping his genius for invective against vice, theatricals, modern literature, *auri sacra fames*, and the great regard paid to railway shares and other forms of the golden calf at the expense of virtue. He frequently breaks the trammels, and rushes through the law of quantity, grammar, sense, and spelling, much after the fashion of Phaeton before his fall. We are very much afraid that that catastrophe awaits this poetic "P."

ceratis ope Dedale
nititur pennis.

But we are afraid he is not destined to give "vitreo nomina ponto."

The most amusing book of the lot is *Sur l'Art de Parler en Public*; it is by a Catholic priest, l'Abbé Bautain. He professes to give lessons of improvisation. His comparisons—and the rev. gentleman is rather too fond of illustrating his meaning—are drawn from the facts of embryology and obstetrics to explain how ideas are generated, incubated, and brought into the world. After describing the "organogenesis" of an idea in a manner which would be intelligible in a clinical lecture, but which is quite out of place elsewhere, he proceeds to demonstrate the operation of delivery in a manner so grotesque that it merits detailed notice. It seems, so M. Bautain assures us, that the idea of speaking in public always exercises upon the human body, and especially upon the bowels, a debilitating influence; and one experiences, at times, in a most inconvenient manner, what the "brave des braves" used to experience when he heard the first gun let off in action. In a previous

passage M. Bautain explains that the "brave" was obliged to dismount, and he remembers "having frequently felt himself in that condition when about to ascend the pulpit." We should mention that this dabbler in faecal and obstetric oratory is Vicar-General of the diocese of Paris. He has dedicated his book to M. Villemain. The author declares that if he is able to speak and write it is to that gentleman he owes it. Is he able to speak? We never heard him or of him; but as far as being able to write is concerned, unfortunately not the least doubt exists on the subject.

A curious little volume has been published lately, purporting to give an account of the gaming practices carried on privately in Paris, the object of which is to prove to the public that the closing of the public gaming-houses in this city has very little affected the amount of moneys actually lost and won at *Rouge et Noir* and other games of hazard. The play carried on in private houses, where company assemble under pretext of dining at a *table d'hôte*, and where cards are regularly introduced after dinner, is described as immense; and, though such gaming is strictly prohibited by law, the proprietors contrive in many instances to elude the vigilance of the police—and even when arrested, which sometimes happens of course, the punishment, though involving a long imprisonment, is not so severe as to deter other speculators trying their fortunes in the same line, the emoluments being very great and their risk of loss very small indeed, as they are mostly not only skilful players, but adepts in all those little arts of *prestidigitation* by which knaves of this class regularly learn to correct the injustice of fortune. This past winter, it appears, has been signalled by some losses so enormous, which chiefly fell upon young foreigners of fortune—Spaniards, of whom there are numbers in Paris, being the principal victims—as to call the attention of Government to the subject. One young nobleman is stated to be a sufferer to the tune of more than a million of francs (40,000*l.*). Two propositions are understood to be under consideration to remedy this state of things—one, the enactment of more stringent laws against illicit gambling; the other, the re-establishment of public gaming-houses, as before, under the *surveillance* of regularly-appointed authorities, to prevent the unfair practices carried on in these clandestine establishments, where the system amounts to downright plunder. The object of the writer is, in fine, to advocate the reopening of public gaming-tables upon a somewhat modified plan to that which formerly existed in Paris; and he proceeds to show by some curious statistical returns that the passion for gaming among the population found immediate vent at the Bourse upon the closing of Frascati's and the "Hells" of the Palais Royal under Louis-Philippe. Certain it is that the official accounts of the business transacted prove the singular fact, that the system of petty gambling in the Stocks which has now risen to such an unprecedented height commenced immediately upon the shutting up the gaming-houses by royal ordinance. This led to the introduction of a class of speculators altogether inferior in means and respectability. Formerly the only frequenters of the Bourse were the *agents de change*, capitalists, bankers, and others, who attended for the purchase and transfer of their *rentes*—the appearance of the parties and the manner in which business was conducted having an air of the highest respectability. At present *nous avons changé tout cela*: the agents or their clerks, indeed, still attend, but they occupy a place apart; the main part of the *salle*, and every gallery, passage, and nook of the immense building, is crammed with crowds of dirty Jew jobbers and other disreputable-looking characters, all eagerly speculating in some peddling way for a *hauss*e or *baiss*e, as the case may be. In fact, the whole appearance of the place and the speculators justifies the description of the writer of the pamphlet of the Hells of the Palais Royal and their frequenters being transferred to the Place de la Bourse, where the same thing is carried on under another name.

A pamphlet by Ledru Rollin, *La Nouvelle Alliance*, and another, *La Corée Libre*, the writer of which remains unknown, have lately found their way to Paris, and been a good deal read; but they would not do the Government much harm had they been openly published here. Ledru Rollin writes in exile nothing stronger against the Imperial Government than he said at home against the Government of Louis-Philippe before the establishment of the republican democracy in 1848, which made that active partisan Minister of the Interior, but was obliged to expel him, not only from the Government, but from France, for engaging in a fresh conspiracy. The circulation of these publications, and some of a more mischievous nature, have led to renewed activity on the part of the police at the frontiers; and a Corsican, named Mugnicci, was seized entering from Belgium last week, loaded with seditious publications of various kinds, published in Ghent, Brussels, and London. He was condemned to fine and imprisonment. But the provincial towns have lately been inundated by papers and little pamphlets of a far more dangerous character. These are partly of a Republican tendency, with, at the same time, a dash of the Legitimist complexion, the object being to conciliate both these parties, and unite them, if possible, against the present régime. Towards the Emperor

these publications breathe nothing but the fiercest hatred and contempt; and those who surround him, calling themselves a Government, fare no better. They are described as "a host of Corsican adventurers, French apostates, lacqueys, and slaves in soul, who serve an unprincipled master to-day, and would betray him to-morrow were there a successful *émigré* in the streets of Paris, and assassinate him into the bargain, to prove their devotion to *le peuple*." This is a specimen, and a mild specimen, of the tone of some of these patriotic effusions. The female portion of the Emperor's family are spoken of in a manner simply to create disgust in every mind possessed of a spark of manhood. The unbridled blackguardism of these scoundrelly productions spares nobody, not even the Empress, whose character, conduct, and generous kindness of heart would seem of a nature to disarm the wildest madness of faction. Filthy indecency and ribald jests—which recall the frightful merriment of the prison murderers, *les Septembriseurs* of 1792, and which are probably disinterred from the current *facéties* of those dreadful days—form the staple of the light, the amusing parts of these atrocious publications. If writings like these can have any effect in making converts, the social state of the lower orders in France must be deplorable indeed. That they give the police a great deal of trouble, and create uneasiness in high places, there is no doubt whatever, and very probably the spread of these publications, which are all supposed to be printed in Belgium, drew forth the late remarks of Count Walewski upon the state of the press, which have made so much noise in that country and in England.

Two names of considerable mark in the musical world became extinct on the third inst. One, Adolphe Adam, who died at Paris. The other, Adolphe Fumagalli, at Florence, a young pianist already highly distinguished, and who fairly promised to become one of the marvels of his time. His fine taste, added to a power of rapid execution quite unrivalled, rendered his performance with one hand an illusion far beyond the one string of Paganini; but the grand feature of Fumagalli's playing was *mind*—he was assuredly the most intellectual interpreter of the old masters that has been heard in Paris. He was settled in this city, and was on a musical tour in his native country when death surprised him in the midst of his artistic triumphs. On Thursday evening he gave a concert, which was attended by all Florence, and crowned with the most brilliant success; on Saturday he was no more—two little days between the plaudits of the public and the tomb! He was in his 27th year. Poor Adam's death was yet more sudden. He passed the evening at the Grand Opera, and went home, wrote a few bars of music, and a note to M. Auber requesting him to wait at home for him the next morning, that they might proceed to the Institute together. He then lay down to sleep, and never awoke again. The bursting of one of the vessels of the heart appears to have put an end to existence instantaneously, too suddenly for him to have been conscious of pain. His countenance retained in death all the calmness of tranquil repose, the pallor and rigidity of the body being the only external evidence of mortality. M. Adam was a musician of talent and industry. He composed a number of comic operas, of which one—a trifle in a single act, "*Le Châlet*"—seems alone to merit a permanent place upon the stage. His ballet music was admirable; that of "*Le Diable à Quatre*" has not been equalled for many years. M. Adam also wrote the musical reviews for one of the daily journals, and—what is not very common—though a musician, could give a clear and intelligible account of a musical performance; never teasing the reader, like some of his brother scribes, by disquisitions upon clefs of *fa* or in *ut* or other pedantic impertinencies. Socially, few men had more friends; he was agreeable in manners, and had the character of being kind, generous, and obliging to his intimates. Paris boasts many musicians of higher talents, but scarcely one whose loss would occasion so general a regret as that manifested for Adolphe Adam.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

(Continued from page 224.)

I hear no confirmation of the report that Cornelius has been engaged for some of the frescoes at St. Paul's; those two already executed in the transepts are by Gagliardi, a Roman; and a Neapolitan, Balbi, has been commissioned for two others. About thirty more are, it is said, to adorn this portion of the interior, from the pencils of several artists yet unchosen. Gagliardi has commenced the decoration in fresco of the principal Augustinian church here, S. Agostino, the most celebrated object in which is the "*Isaiah*" of Raphael. The academy of "*Virtuosi* of the Pantheon" has published the subjects for its periodical competition, open to artists of whatever country, except Protestants—compositions, either in water-colours or simple outlines, to be presented on the 10th May—for painting, Samuel offered in the Temple to Eli; for sculpture, "*Noli me tangere*;" for architecture, a shrine destined to contain the holy oils annually blessed in cathedral churches. I had the pleasure of meeting Cornelius at a pleasant *al fresco*

party in a beautiful garden on the Tarpeian Rock, the other day; nothing could be more quietly simple and free from the airs of conscious greatness than the deportment of that illustrious artist. Another of the most distinguished lately in Rome I have also met on a recent occasion, the American poet Lowell, whose powers of thought and expression will surely be recognised for ages to come. A fine countenance, a diminutive and almost boyish figure, and a tone of unaffected thoughtful good sense in conversation, distinguish the individuality of this gifted writer, who is now making a brief tour in Europe for the last time before devoting himself to his duties as Professor of Literature at the University near Boston. Dr. Newman's visit to Rome this year is said to have been principally in the object of obtaining sanction for the opening of an Oratorian convent connected with the new University at Dublin. He ordered some copies in tempera from the Raphael tapestries of the Vatican, at the studio of a young French artist. That eccentric individual, better known by his *sobriquet* of Father Prout than by his real name, the Rev. Mr. Mahony, whose powers in conversation strike me as not less brilliant than in writing, paid Rome a flying visit before Easter. Another stranger, lately resident here, has been naturally the object of curiosity and interest—a young lady of distinguished beauty and accomplishments, living in affluence, but dedicating herself to the career of a professional singer, whose country, connections, and even name, are a mystery, for that name by which she passes in society, Mademoiselle Natalie, she herself allows to be understood is assumed. Once only has she sung here in public, at a concert in the Valle Theatre, and with success; but in private her voice has been frequently heard with admiration, and her frank engaging manners have won much sympathy. Clear and rich in tones, her singing derives additional power to fascinate from the finely-expressive character of her countenance, something in which reminds of what Mrs. Sartoris once was. She has, within the last few days, left for Milan. The recent obituary of Rome includes the names of the Commendator Feoli, proprietor of the Etruscan Museum—called after him, and illustrated by Campanari, also lately deceased—that collection being mostly of terra cotta utensils found on his farms at Tarquinia and Vulci; of Monsignor Lucidi, a much-esteemed prelate, economist, and secretary to the Congregation which has charge of the preservation, repairs, &c., of St. Peter's, who had done much for the improvement of the great factory of mosaics at the Vatican, under his jurisdiction; also, that of Cerbara, a celebrated engraver, member of the St. Luke academy, and several other artistic associations, Italian as well as foreign.

On the 10th the Archaeological Institute celebrated by an extraordinary session the 2609th anniversary of the founding of Rome (though the real day, as marked in the *Diario Romano*, published yearly, is the 21st April). The first paper read was by Dr. Braun, upon a beautiful Greek tazza, black, with red figures, from the collection of the Marquis Campana, which was handed round for examination during the lecture. The designs on this, commented upon with erudition and taste by the reader, peculiarly graceful, are furnished with names in Greek letters: in the inside *Museus* and *Linus*—the former a youthful figure standing, the latter an aged man seated before him and holding his hand as if to give affectionate counsel; round the outside several nude figures of young men, vigorously formed, representing the exercises of the palestra. Next was read, in French, by an engineer, a very interesting report of the excavations on the Aventine, to which I have alluded in a former letter. The buildings laid open by these, the writer considered, were to be referred to four different epochs, without including the considerable portion of the walls of Servius that traverse the chambers built against them—to, namely, the early imperial, the third and fifth century of the Christian era, and lastly to the thirteenth century, period of the domination of the Savelli on the Aventine. A set of accurate drawings was exhibited, showing the three levels to which these excavations have now descended, laying open altogether fourteen chambers of different sizes, and several corridors. Most curious among the drawings were those illustrating the last discoveries (made since my own visit to the spot described in another letter), which have added a third floor to the two of the chambers above, consisting of a series of subterranean, the first a cell six metres in width, only to be entered by a ladder through a narrow orifice in the roof, from which descends steeply a passage, whose farthest limit is supposed below the original bed of the Tiber, before its current was confined by embankments. Here, at the roots of the Aventine, the narrow passage is crossed by a channel partly stopped up by accumulations of clay and partly filled with water. Stalactites, giving back vivid colours to the torchlight, encrust the walls of these mysterious recesses at their lower level. The uses to which they may have been applied yet remain unexplained, though it is remembered that similar perforations have been found in the Capitoline Hill (though none are there left open), beyond the foundations of houses many years ago. Besides the drawings mentioned, the reporter on this subject displayed copies embossed on thick paper of the Arval inscription

found, with many other antiques, in these buried chambers, and still preserved with the rest in the Dominican convent whose gardens are the scene of operations. The letters being reserved, little was legible; but the import of this inscription, extending over fifteen lines, is to record the names of the Arval College, and the nature of the rites in honour of Mars. Finally was read, by Dr. Henzen, a paper on some lately discovered Roman tesserae, with records of Consulates inscribed on them; and the Institute then closed its sessions for this season, not to be resumed till the autumn.

Though this association is formed of Germans, the language used at their meetings is almost invariably Italian; and the locality, a long room built expressly, adorned by busts of archaeologists, and other German celebrities, as Winckelmann and Goethe, is open to all, not excluding ladies, notwithstanding the formalities practised of sending invitations. Out of the ecclesiastical sphere, the chief centre of intellect and energies in Rome must be sought in this German Institute, which was founded by Bunsen and other *advocates* of his nationality in 1829, and is in fact the great medium for conveying intelligence to Europe of events and enterprises in the archaeological province here—far more vigorous and systematic in agency, I am led to believe, than the more ostentatious but less practically useful Academy of Roman Archaeologists, whose sessions are at the Sapienza University. The latter has no regular periodical publication, whilst the Germans issue an ample bulletin monthly, and every year a collection of all their papers, illustrated by engravings of every object exhibited at the sessions, in large folio, thus forming an inestimable antiquarian library, preserved in the room of assemblage on the Tarpeian Rock.

Pius IX. has desired to celebrate with peculiar solemnity the first anniversary of the day when he, together with so many of his court—cardinals, prelates, and students of the Propaganda—had such a narrow escape from danger to the lives of all present at the Monastery of St. Agnes. On that day the antique Basilica on the Nomentan Way was reopened after remaining closed for the whole year, to allow of the complete embellishment of its interior. This was under the direction of an architect named Busiri—several other artists being employed. Over the archway of the tribune, Gagliardi has painted in fresco the Martyrdom of St. Agnes; Torriti, Bozzi, and Sirci have painted along the attic above the higher colonnade—for this beautiful old church has two storeys of columns, forming a gallery above the aisles—the most illustrious of the Virgin Martyrs; the nine Pontiffs, including Pius IX., who have contributed to the restorations of this temple at various epochs, are represented in medallions over the lower arcade; and immediately round the archivolt have been executed, by Vitali, decorative paintings in imitation of the early mosaics of inlaid marbles, frequently seen in ancient churches here. As to Gagliardi's fresco, I can say nothing in its praise but that it is a good specimen of a bad school—the pedantic and theatrical modern Roman; but the Virgin Martyrs are figures conceived in a higher feeling, with something of that purity and earnestness that distinguish the Christian Art school revived in Germany. On the morning of the 12th St. Agnes was superbly illuminated by chandeliers hanging from every part, and a profusion of the choicest flowers filled immense vases in the sanctuary. The Pontiff celebrated Low Mass, and gave communion to a multitude of worshippers, including almost all those who had shared with him the danger and the deliverance. The *ex voto* chapel into which the room where the party fell from that above has been reduced, is not yet open, nor to be finished for some time—the style of its interior (it is believed) being ordered with details of great magnificence.

The concourse in Rome during the Holy Week was beyond the precedents of many years, in this last instance. There were some novelties in music that attracted attention and admiration: a *Miserere* by Melazzi, chapel-master of St. Peter's, performed by that choir with thrilling effect for the first time; and another by Mustafa, chief soprano of the Sistine, performed at that chapel for the second time, with alterations in the first score. A Chevalier de Liguoro (grand-nephew of St. Alfonso) has composed a *Stabat Mater*, which was heard and much applauded on private occasions here during Lent; and he is now preparing a more ambitious—indeed extraordinary—work, an operatic adaptation of the "*Divine Comedy*," said to be destined, with sanction, for scenic performance in Rome—if such stretch of toleration be credible. The Argentina, the second theatre for music here, has opened with the "*Sicilian Vespers*" of Verdi, but so disguised under the title "*Giovanni di Guzman*," and by the united efforts of three censors, representing so many different authorities, that it is impossible to find any intimation of the historic reality in its plot. De Giuli Borsi, the prima donna, is still, though not young, a vocalist of much power, an actress of noble and graceful deportment. Last Monday was held the artists' annual festival, with a banquet under a pavilion, near the site of the ancient Fidenæ—fancy dresses, comic sports, racing, and tilting at the ring, in which latter a young lady, Miss Hosmer, the talented sculptress and pupil of Mr. Gibson, competed for and carried off the prize.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

THE chemical action of light is a subject that has attracted a large share of attention, the fruits of which have been exhibited in the present state of perfection of the art of photography. But though we possess so many facts concerning this chemical action, the laws which regulate the phenomena are yet undiscovered. The subject was introduced by Mr. H. E. Roscoe at the Royal Institution, who had made a series of experiments having for their object (1) to determine the laws which regulate the chemical action of light, and (2) to obtain a measure for the chemically active rays. The relation between the amount of light and the amount of decomposition is not proportional to the time of exposure to the light, unless the body formed by the decomposition is removed from the sphere of action, as in the case when equal volumes of chlorine and hydrogen gases are exposed in diffuse light, the action then proceeding gradually, in the presence of water the hydrochloric acid formed by the combination is immediately absorbed, and thus withdrawn from the sphere of action. The diminution of the volume of the gases was then found to be regular, and, being measured, proved that when the light is constant the amount of action is directly proportional to the time of exposure; and by allowing known quantities of diffuse light to fall upon the sensitive gas, the relation between the amount of action and the amount of light was experimentally determined, namely, that the amount of action is directly proportional to the amount or intensity of light, although the relation between the amount of action and the mass of the sensitive gas has not yet been determined.

At the same institution Dr. Bence Jones, "On Ventilation, and the means of determining the amount," stated that there were two questions involved in the subject, namely—that some error exists as to what is wanted, and much is required to be done by experiments to perfect our knowledge; and also that the means of determining what air we have got is nowhere clearly stated. It was usually thought that measuring by the cubic space would be a sufficient means of determining what air we have and what we wanted; but there was another point to be considered, the rate of the passage of the air. On the cubic space depends only how soon a change of air will become requisite, but it does not at all influence the amount of change required; and the varying cubic space for each person, as actually given from the hold of a slave ship, where 14 cubic feet was the space, and 1700 feet the space allowed for each person at the London Hospital, showed that no general rule can be true. Instead then of taking the cubic space, Dr. Jones considered that "the change of air and the size of the floor can alone determine the number of persons that can safely and properly be admitted into any space." According to the best experiments on respiration, 14½ times more air is required for diluting carbonic acid than for supplying oxygen. But there are no experiments to be relied on for showing the smallest quantity of carbonic acid that is injurious in the longest time. Assuming those made by M. Leblanc as the best, according to which 1 per cent. of carbonic acid indicates such an impure state of atmosphere as, if breathed for 12 hours, would act injuriously on the system, and that air containing ½ per cent. of carbonic acid breathed continuously for 24 hours or more will probably prove hurtful, the question then is, How are we to know when the air is so far impure? What means do we possess of determining the amount of ventilation in this or any other room? Now, carbonic acid in very large doses is immediately fatal, but in small doses is a medicine. In obtaining this knowledge physiologically, if a full dose produces "irritation, then slight giddiness, intense giddiness, desire to vomit, excessive prostration, inability to make any muscular effort, syncope, death. If the symptoms from smaller doses long-continued are debility, unhealthy blood, passive congestions, low inflammations, ulceration, and gangrene, then the ventilation is proved to be insufficient. The physical method consists in determining the velocity of the air passing out of the room or into the room, either by calculation or experiment. This, although imperfect, yet with the physiological method constitutes almost all the evidence that has hitherto been sought in doubtful cases. The chemical method consists in weighing or measuring the products of combustion in a room. These products are heat, water, and carbonic acid; but carbonic acid is not the sole poison in expired air. When it has been proved that other substances are injurious, then "we shall rely on chemistry for determining the purity of the air we breathe, just as we now trust to it for the quality of the water we drink." In fine, we want ventilation, that is, we want to take in oxygen, because of its chemical energy; and we want to get rid of surrounding carbonic acid, because it stops the way, and prevents the escape of newly-formed car-

bonic acid from within; for "we may consider oxygen as our most necessary food, and carbonic acid as the refuse which passes into our sewers. Now we may admit that a badly-drained house will cause disease and death; but we hardly yet admit that a badly-ventilated is in fact a badly-drained house." "At present our chimneys are our chief aerial drains, which almost cease to act as soon as the temperature outside and inside the house are the same; and even when these drains are in action, we are unwilling to think that the fire which ministers so cheerfully to our wants, like most human contrivances for doing two things at once, does neither well."

A very good practical illustration of the moon controversy is presented at the Polytechnic Institution, by Mr. Pepper, showing the generally received view of the moon's rotation on the axis of the earth, as opposed to that propounded by Mr. Jolynger Symons.

From a paper "On the Mortality arising from Military Operations," read at the Statistical Society by Mr. Hodge, it appears that during the Peninsular War the proportion of officers and men wounded who die is, as regards officers 1 in 12, and men 1 in 8. From 1793 to 1815, the total number employed was 793,110, including the effective force of 45,440 on the 1st January 1793; the number of recruits raised for British regiments was 519,040; for foreign and colonial, 198,630; besides 30,000 foreign troops. Of these 219,420 died, 229,141 were discharged, 20,000 taken prisoners, and 113,273 deserted, leaving a force of 211,276 on the 31st December 1815. During the late war, before actual hostilities had commenced, of every 1000 men 140 were in hospital. From the landing in Turkey to Feb. 15, 1855, the mortality was at the enormous rate of 499 per 1000 per annum. At Inkermann the proportion of bayonet wounds to gun-shot was as 7 to 79, or 58 in 1000. From details obtained of 19 great battles, the average of casualties of men engaged was 114 per 1000, and the mortality 33 per 1000. Comparing the mortality during war of the two services, army and navy, a soldier runs double the risk of a seaman when in action, and a single battle on land has been more destructive to life than twenty years of combats at sea.

Every one must hail with satisfaction any successful attempt to reduce the formidable array of figures actuaries indulge in for their tables. Mr. William Orchard, a self-taught mathematician, who died at an early age, entered into some original investigations in order to produce a theoretical table of mortality, as the desirableness of being able to express the curve of mortality by means of an equation between two variables was evident from the fact that many eminent mathematicians had given their attention to the subject. Mr. Orchard, seeking to find a simple algebraical expression which should represent some of the best tables, adopted 3650 as the number living at the age of 20; and supposing from the age of 20 to 80 inclusively the number of deaths in each year equal to the age, the number of persons living at the age of 21 is equal to 3650—20, i.e. 3630; at 22 to 3630—21, or 3609; and so on until the number living at 80 is 680: here there is a different law, as their number diminishes by 5 each year, thus the number living at 81 is 680—80, or 600; at 82, 600—75, or 525, and so on until the number living at 95 is 5, who all die before attaining 96. Here then are two different expressions for the number of persons living at any given age according as that age is greater or less than 80. If l be taken to represent the number living at the age x , it may easily be shown that when x is not less than 80 $l = \frac{5}{2}(97-x)$ ($96-x$) and that when x is not less than 20, and not greater than 80 $l = 3840 - \frac{1}{2}x(x-1)$. On applying these formulae to the calculation of the value of life annuities and insurances, the result when compared with the values most commonly used by actuaries showed a very close resemblance to Davies's Equitable Tables. The subject was introduced at the Institute of Actuaries.

At the Chemical Society, Dr. De la Rue illustrated the properties of the metals of the alkalies, showing that sodium was less oxidisable than potassium, inasmuch as it might be perfectly well preserved in a concentrated solution of the hydrate of soda, upon which liquid potassium exerted a powerful influence, not infrequently attended with combustion. He prepared also some lithium, the other metal of the alkaline triad, by electrolysis for a few moments some of the fused chloride. This metal is the lightest known solid, harder than potassium or sodium, and less violent in its reactions, but takes fire and burns when thrown upon a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, with an intensely white flame rivaling the combustion of phosphorus in oxygen. Dr. Playfair described a curious reaction, by which yellow prussiates were oxidised into red prussiates. A yellow ferrocyanide of potassium and ammonium was boiled with peroxide of manganese, when a certain portion of the ammonium of the salt was abstracted, the ammonia being liberated and the hydrogen oxidised

into water, so that a red prussiate resulted. He also described a new process by which paracyanogen could be obtained in large quantities, namely, by boiling an alkaline solution of red prussiate of potash with hydrocyanic acid, the hydrogen was oxidised into water, and the cyanogen liberated in the state of paracyanogen. Dr. Guthrie, in a paper on the preparation and rational composition of the sulpho-vinates and phospho-amylates, contended that it was incorrect to represent the sulpho-vinate of potash as a double sulphate of potash and oxide of ethyle, because, when the salt was electrolysed, the ethylic compound did not appear at the basylous pole with the potash, but manifested itself entirely at the positive pole in the form of sulpho-vinic acid.

Among the papers read at the Royal Geographical Society, Commodore Irminger, of the Royal Danish Navy, gave reasons for doubting the existence of an Arctic current from Southern Greenland towards the banks of Newfoundland. It is stated in various publications that a current passes from Spitzbergen along the eastern coast of Greenland in a nearly straight line to the banks of Newfoundland. Vast fields of ice drift southwards, close to the eastern coast of Greenland; but these masses, instead of crossing to Newfoundland, pass round Cape Farewell, and ascend Davis's Straits, even to 67° north, beyond which the ice spreads; the current then, turning to the west, unites with the stream flowing southward along the coast of Labrador. The logs of vessels trading to the west coast of Greenland show that, by pursuing a track 2° south of Cape Farewell, this ice-drift may be avoided; the temperature also of the water indicates that the water does not cross the Straits. Capt. Quin, R.N., in a note on the Bonin Islands, narrated the progress of British occupation and settlement. Possession was first taken in 1827, by Capt. now Admiral Beechey, and a record of the event, engraved on a sheet of copper, was left on the island, which, ten years after, was in good preservation. In 1830, the island was settled under the British flag; in 1837 Capt. Quin erected a substantial flag-staff. Commodore Perry had laid a claim to these islands, although inhabited under the British flag, on the ground of their having been visited by Capt. Coffin four years previous to Capt. Beechey, on the supposition that Capt. Coffin was an American, which was not the case.

The communications read at the Geological Society include a note on the geology of the neighbourhood of Sydney and Brisbane, by Mr. J. S. Wilson, showing, on examining the carboniferous strata and the crystalline rocks around Brisbane, that the latter were, to some extent, auriferous. A paper on the strata of Hastings Cliffs, by Mr. S. H. Beckles, who, in searching for fossils, worked out the relations of some beds of sandstone and clays subordinate to the conglomeratic shale and ironstone in which are found the remains of insects and saurians, together with *Cyrena* and *Unionida*. The ironstone is full of fragmentary plant remains. In the sandstone beneath are unioles and the natural casts of great foot-tracks. In the next succeeding bed are beautiful zamia-like plant remains; beneath this is the clay, in which *Hybodus* spines are the only fossils found. Mons. Ami Boué, having met with a proposal, advocated some time ago by M. L. Favre, the distinguished engineer, for connecting this country with the Continent by means of a submarine tunnel, pointed out that it was highly probable that the English Channel had not been excavated solely by water action, but owed its origin to one of the lines of disturbance which have fissured this portion of the earth's crust. Taking this view of the case, the fissure probably still existed, being filled in with comparatively loose material, and would prove a serious obstacle to making a submarine tunnel through the Straits.

The principal causes of fires were stated by Mr. Braidwood, at the Society of Arts, to be: (1) inattention to fires and lights; (2) improper construction of buildings; (3) furnaces or close fires for heating buildings or for mechanical purposes; (4) spontaneous ignition; (5) incendiarism. One of the great preventives to inattention and carelessness would be a legal inquiry in every case, as had been adopted in New York. Improper construction more generally assists the spread than is the original cause of fires. Furnaces and close fires are dangerous; for, as the whole draught must pass through the fire, they become heated, unless the flue is well built. In one instance of a heating furnace the heat in the flue was found to be 300 degrees, at a distance of from forty to fifty feet from the fire. Heating by hot air, steam, and hot water were all objectionable. Spontaneous combustion is generally accelerated by natural or artificial heat. Sawdust in contact with vegetable oil is very likely to take fire. Cotton, cotton waste, hemp, and most other vegetable substances are alike dangerous. The greater number of fires at railway-stations have commenced in paint stores. Incendiarism may be divided into three sorts—malicious, fraudulent, and monomania. Of the

first there is little known in London; the second is rather prevalent; and there are well certified cases of monomania. The fires have doubled in London since the commencement of the Fire Brigade in 1833: they are now nearly three times the number they were then, which may arise partly from improved modes of heating, and from the general use of gas rendering spontaneous combustion more frequent. "In 1833, of the number of premises on fire, barely 21 per cent. used gas; while in 1855 gas was used in upwards of 67 per cent. of those buildings which took fire."

ART AND ARTISTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Exhibition of the Academy this year cannot be called a brilliant one—at least, there are fewer striking great pictures than usual to draw the attention of the crowd. On the other hand, the list of those painters whose works the public is wont to gather round with interest and curiosity, if not always with genuine admiration, but who this year are altogether absent, is unusually long. Eastlake, Herbert, Maclise, Mulready, Cope, Danby, and Egg, are nowhere to be found; Dyce has but a pencil sketch; Creswick only contributes a fragment of landscape as a framework for a neat damsel of Frith. The portraits are in alarming force; the East Room swarms with them, and they are for the most part of the largest dimensions. It would be very agreeable, if practicable, that all the portraits should be gathered into one room by themselves; they would really be viewed to much greater advantage than at present. As it is, they appear like intruders in the domain of art, usurping space, and demanding attention which one would gladly concentrate upon something more interesting. One considerable improvement has been made in the arrangements, namely, the Octagon Room, the source of so much grievance and grumbling, has been converted into an office for the clerk who keeps the price-book. This functionary used formerly to be hidden in a hermitage at the foot of the staircase, a place inconveniently remote from the gallery. His existence in the Octagon must be much more lively, and his business, we should think, considerably increased, now that the visitor is able to consult the oracle without making a pilgrimage to the entrance-hall.

We hear much of works of merit altogether rejected, and others which have been received, but hung beyond ken. We suspect the Hanging Committee have little option, and that they probably do the best which the nature of the rooms admits, conformably with the rules of the Academy. But the system is a most unsatisfactory one, and calls loudly for improvement. It is ridiculous to talk of exhibiting works of which the presence in the gallery can only be detected through the catalogue.

Mr. E. M. Ward's picture of "The Last Parting of Marie-Antoinette and her Son" (75) will add to his reputation. It is carefully and thoughtfully designed; and, though not altogether free from that unpleasant inkiness which is characteristic of his style of colour, it has less of that quality than many of his works. Every one knows how the Revolutionary Government wreaked their vengeance upon the unhappy royal family of France, by placing the young Prince under the care of a brutal savage, in whose custody he pined and died, in a state of apparent idiotcy. The moment which the painter has chosen is that when the wretched mother is about to deliver up her child to the revolutionary committee, and is whispering in his ear the last solemn words of admonition. The committee stands at the door of the apartment, impatient of the delay. One coarse-visaged man, in a garment much resembling a dressing-gown, is the personification of the vulgar and implacable democrat of the bourgeois class. He appears to be remonstrating loudly at the waste of the committee's valuable time, and to be somewhat suspicious of the patriotism of a mild-faced man—a revolutionist of another stamp, who evidently is not without human sympathy. Two diabolical-looking "reds" are only waiting for a word of permission from their leaders to terminate the scene by force. This is, perhaps, the cleverest part of the picture, and embodies the peculiarities of the various classes of revolutionists. The group at the other side of the picture is composed of the Queen and her son, a chubby-faced boy, who hardly seems fully to comprehend the proceedings, the King's sister, and the young Duchesse d'Angoulême.

Mr. Frith's "Many happy Returns of the Day" (131) is sure to find an extensive class of admirers. It is the birthday of a charming little girl, one of a numerous family, all the members of which are assembled to drink her health. Grandpapa sits in a chair in one corner, while a young Hebe carefully presents him with a glass of sherry. Papa is the picture of easy circumstances—evidently "a prosperous gentleman." Mamma, still in youth and bloom, is supported by a number of eligible single aunts; children of all ages surround the table, among whom the fair and juvenile *bénédicte* is conspicuous, bearing an overwhelming weight of honours and wreaths with meekness, but not without wonder, and clutching an orange as a sort of holdfast and support. A model nursemaid

is bearing in a treasure of toys destined for present distribution among the throng. It is a picture of happiness very pleasant to contemplate.

Mr. Webster's "Hide and Seek" (114) is another view of life, in which the same amiable sympathy with childish enjoyment is the most prominent characteristic. The children here are those of cottagers, and are pursuing their sports in the tidy kitchen of an old farm-house. It has all the exquisite care and finish for which Mr. Webster is famous.

Sir Edwin Landseer has two pictures. "Saved" (147), dedicated to the Humane Society, is painted in his broadest, most dashing manner. It represents a Newfoundland dog, bearing to land a half-drowned child. The other, "Highland Nurses" (208), dedicated to Miss Nightingale, of smaller dimensions, shows a wounded deer outstretched on the hill-side, surrounded by a group of sympathising fawns, one of whom ineffectually licks the fatal wound. Shakspeare gives us another account of the conduct of the herd when one of their comrades has been stricken; but whether Shakspeare or Landseer be the better authority in such a case we are unable to say. The picture is, at any rate, very pretty and sentimental.

Mr. Leslie's "Hermione" (144) is the heroine of the "Winter's Tale," looking queenly and statuesque enough, but not arrayed with that scrupulous classic accuracy which has lately been achieved.

Millais has five pictures this year, but not in all of them does the Millais of former years appear. "Peace Concluded" (200) is but a weak version of the great event of 1856, and has neither the charm of colour nor expression which his former works displayed. An officer returned from the Crimea is taking his luxurious ease upon a comfortable sofa—his wife, a lady with particularly little expression of countenance, seated in a mysterious way in front of him. She appears to be a person of unusual stature, and is magnificently attired. The newspaper containing the announcement of the conclusion of the peace has just arrived; *à propos* to which the children produce from their Noah's Ark the animals symbolical of the contending parties—the lion, the bear, the cock, and the turkey—and one of them holds in his hand the dove and olive branch. A great deal of careful finish is expended upon the lady's dress, the sofa, and other details; but the general effect is to our eyes inharmonious; the figures have none of the higher qualities of expression which distinguished "The Hugonots," "Mariana," or that wonderful scene in the Carpenter's Shop. The gentleman on the sofa reminds us of one of Leech's languid swells; the lady seems perfectly listless; the child holding the dove looks grimly at the spectator; the other little girl leaning on her mother's lap is the prettiest and most natural part of the picture. We are told that the picture was originally intended to be entitled "Urgent Private Affairs;" and, if intended as a satire upon military imbecility, there may have been more point in the original conception than appears in the work as now finished. We cannot but regret to see powers so unrivalled as those of Millais thrown away upon the treatment of such commonplace as this; in fact, the very fineness of finish which charms when applied to natural objects and poetic subjects becomes repulsive when it has nothing better to work upon than velvet dresses and modern upholstery. Hunt's forcible picture of the Awakened Conscience was an exception to this, principally because the luxurious external adjuncts were in contrast with, and thus brought out more strongly, the agony of the soul within.

In the "Blind Girl" (586), we meet again the Millais of old times. At the foot of a sloping meadow, of the freshest green, sit two girls, one of whom is blind; the younger one, crouched for shelter beneath her sister's shawl, looks out towards a magnificent rainbow, which denotes a storm just passed away. The effect of the returning sunlight after a storm is rendered with most exquisite truth; and a successful attempt has been made—we verily believe for the first time—to transfer to canvass the glorious beauty of the rainbow. One singular oversight has been the subject of remark—namely, the exterior or secondary rainbow, which is marked more strongly than is often the case, has its colours in the same order as the primary; whereas in nature they are in inverse order. This objection is a scientific, not an artistic one, and, to our mind, detracts no more from the merit of the work than it does from that of the "Winter's Tale" that Shakspeare has given Bohemia a sea-coast. Those who are edified and gratified by the change of Bohemia to Bithynia will probably summarily condemn Millais's rainbow when they hear that it violates a law of nature. We hold that accuracy in facts is a means only, and not an end, of art, from which follows the possibility of ignoring, or even misrepresenting, a fact without the sacrifice of artistic effect. This picture is an admirable illustration of the principle in question. "Autumn Leaves" (448) is another work with some of Millais's finest qualities in it; the rich twilight of autumn is most admirably represented; the girls piling up the dead leaves and watching the process of burning are natural and unaffected enough. The serious melancholy of their faces harmonises with the solemn hour and the celebration of the funeral obsequies of summer. The trees (poplars, we think) stand against the sky show how your brown tree may be thrown in to some purpose in a landscape.

"L'Enfant du Régiment" (553) is a scene of the Scottish Rebellion. Some old cathedral has been turned into a fortress by Hanoverian soldiers. A child, wounded in the confusion, has been found, and carefully wrapped by one of the soldiers in his coat and laid in a snug corner, upon the battered monument of some crusader, where he sleeps, unconscious of the din of arms. The picture seems hastily done, perhaps unfinished, but has the touch of a master about it. Millais's last and smallest work, the "Portrait of a Gentleman" (293), is a small boy squatted on the ground, with a volume of Leech's caricatures open upon his knees. Leech has taken off many such a precocious young Turk as this gentleman evidently is.

"The Scapegoat" (398) of Holman Hunt is the least agreeable work he has produced, and with less poetry in it than any former one. It is a forcible, and doubtless a most accurate, representation of a goat perishing of hunger and thirst on the salt shore of the Dead Sea. The mountains of Edom, gorgeously coloured by the setting sun, stretch far behind; the waters of the lake, and the salt beach itself, reflect the most singular colours. The skeletons of men and animals are scattered about; mud oozes through the saline incrustation; there is no sign of vegetation but one bitter herb and a few dead branches. The goat is fearfully miserable; it is a kind of cruelty in the painter to have perpetuated so much suffering. How, it may be asked, is this animal identified with the scapegoat of the Jewish ritual? Simply by a fillet of scarlet bound about its horns, not prescribed by the Levitical law, but which was adopted in later times, in the belief that if the propitiation of the goat were accepted this piece of scarlet would become white. This seems to us an unsuccessful attempt to produce a symbolical picture by a simple adherence to reality; though few of those who see the picture can have any means of judging whether the appearance of the Dead Sea shore be accurately represented here, there can be little doubt that it is so. But the imagination finds this a rather dry kind of food, in the absence of associations to enable it to interpret the objects presented. We long to see Mr. Hunt at work again among the woods and hedgerows of England, in which he once found poetic inspiration.

A work without title or name of the painter (413), but well known to be by an artist named Burton, excites curiosity and admiration. We called attention last year to a picture of this painter exhibited at the Portland Gallery. It was the son of William Tell, standing beneath a tree with the apple on his head, awaiting his father's arrow. This work showed an eye for the colour of foliage and a power of catching all their exquisite gradations, such as we have never seen in any other artists but Hunt and Millais. The work produced this year will doubtless make its author's reputation. The subject is taken from the time of the civil war; there are three figures. A wounded cavalier lies on the ground; a Puritan damsel raises him up, and appears to be endeavouring to ascertain whether the heart still beats. What the precise kind of interest which she takes in him may be is not sufficiently manifest. A puritanical individual stands looking on reflectively; he may be her brother, her lover, or her pastor. The dying man's sword has been broken against the stem of a tree, and the blade still sticks in the bark. Some cards lying on the ground point to the origin of the quarrel. The figures are, we believe, an after-thought, and are not unskillfully introduced; the real strength of the picture lies in the nature-painting behind. The locality is the outskirts of a wood, and the sombre quiet of such a scene is admirably conveyed. There is also much minute detail, of stones and mosses, weeds, and withered leaves, insects and cobwebs. But all this is not needlessly introduced. The artistic effect to be gained being to recal the sensations produced by a shady wood-side, every object which by striking on the senses contributes to this effect is fitly reproduced here. The picture is judiciously hung where it can be fairly seen. Two years ago the admirable picture of the son of Tell, under the title of "The First Shot for Freedom," was hung, we believe, in this same room, but so placed as to escape notice. In the Portland Gallery its singular merit first became visible to the public eye. Mr. Burton has now gained full recognition as an original painter, and of the first class among those styled *Præ-Raphaelites*. The class of works which partake more or less of this character is very abundant this year; and although there exists no receipt for producing *genius* in painters, and Hunts and Millais are not to be multiplied *ad libitum*, yet the influence is manifestly healthy and beneficial. We must reserve for another occasion our notice of a number of works by Stanfield, F. R. Pickersgill, Hook, Noel Paton (whose "Soldier's Return" is a feature of the exhibition), E. W. Cooke, G. H. Thomas, Dobson, Leighton, Horsley, Lee, Redgrave, Goodall, Poole, Phillips, Elmore, &c., whom we have only room to allude to here. The portraits of Dr. Sandwith, one of the heroes of Kars (216), and those of David Cox (138) and Thomas Carlyle (153), are amongst those most worth notice. The sculpture-room is in a crowded and unsatisfactory state, as usual; but an admirable bust of the Queen, by Marochetti, will not fail to attract notice. The marble is slightly stained; and we call

attention to the superiority of the effect thus produced over that of the perfectly colourless bust (1222). Another partial attempt at colouring in the "Prisoner of Love (1226), by G. Fontana, also deserves attention from those who are interested in the question of polychromy.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THE most remarkable pieces in this Exhibition are Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's study of an Auvergne peasant (46), and the cottage interiors of Edward Frère. The former might have been painted by Velasquez; the others are full of the most exquisite touches of nature. There is a greater variety of works here than last year; but their character is proportionally less select. The French have a school of minute painters, but differing *toto calo* from our own. Of these Meissonnier may be considered the acknowledged chief. A small painting of "A Lover of the Weed" (237) tolerably well illustrates his style. These painters deal with costume and manners, but they have little of humour and sentiment. There are a number of good specimens of this *genre* here, among which the most prominent are those of Chavet, Plassan, and Fichel. There is a work of some importance by Troyon, the cattle and landscape painter (307), and two by the humourist Hamon (169 and 170), which are quaint and original. A little fragment of a wood (117), by Diaz, may remind (by contrast) of the *Præ-Raphaelite* mode of treating the trunks of trees and wood scenery. "A Burial in the Vosges" (62), by Gustave Brion, is perhaps the picture treated most in English taste. It is a cleverly conceived work, and has a touch of pathos which will be felt by most. Billotte and Duverger are painters of small incidents of domesticity, in which a chord of deep feeling is frequently touched, particularly by the latter.

We purpose to return to the subject of this exhibition, which contains above 300 works of French art, and which offers much that is valuable to the artist and connoisseur, enabling them as it does to compare the styles and modes of execution in vogue amongst our neighbours with those of our own school. That much may be learned from them is beyond doubt. It seems, however, that in the main the two schools are moving in precisely opposite directions—the French to generalisation, our own to individualisation.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE sale of Mr. Rogers' pictures was one of the most crowded and warmly-contested that has been known for years, and large prices have been obtained. The pictures purchased at this sale for the National collection are the following:—No. 726, "The Triumph"—Rubens, after Mantegna, 1102*l.* 10*s.* No. 608, "The Sketch for the Allegory of War in the Pitti Palace"—Rubens, 210*l.* No. 709, "The Good Samaritan"—Bassan, 241*l.* 10*s.* No. 721, Fragment of a wall painting—Giotto, 78*l.* 15*s.* In all, 1,632*l.* 15*s.*—The Government is busy with the plan of a National Portrait Gallery; but it has been discovered that the scheme is less easy than it seemed.—Mr. Mayall has opened a new exhibition of photographic pictures in Regent-street, adjoining his gallery at the corner of Argyll-place. It includes photographic pictures of her Majesty's ministers, various literary celebrities, Crimean heroes, Parliamentary orators, and other public personages.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE Adelphi Theatre will close in June, when the building will be taken down for the purpose of erecting a new theatre on the enlarged site. The new theatre will be entirely constructed of iron, and is now preparing at Liverpool for erection as soon as the site is cleared. Mr. Webster calculates on being able to re-open early in the autumn.—Among coming musical events at Sadler's Wells, the engagements of Mr. Balfe to conduct one of his own operas, and of M. Benedict to preside over the revival of an opera by himself, are announced.—A declaration was made at a late meeting of the Covent Garden proprietors, that the Duke of Bedford is about to take possession of the ground and the ruins.—A new comic opera, by Halévy, entitled "Valentine d'Aubigny," has just been produced at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique at Paris. Its success was brilliant.—A new species of pianoforte has been invented by Mr. Joseph Beecher of New York. The movement is around a hollow cylinder placed perpendicularly within the instrument. The piano which the inventor has on view is provided with two keyboards. A power greater than that of two grand pianos is claimed for it.—Adolphe Adam, the French composer, was found dead in his bed at Paris on Saturday week last. The evening before he had been at the opera, and talked with his friends with his usual sprightliness. He was a very industrious man. He was a professor at the Conservatoire, and a musical critic for the press.

LITERARY NEWS.

A part of Mr. Halliwell's collection of works illustrative of the Shakspearian literature is announced for sale.—A report from the Director and Secretary of the Camden Society show a balance in hand of 327*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.*, besides a few outstanding claims.—Mr. Wyld has added a Gallery of the East to the many attractions of the Great Globe.—The death is announced of Sir William Hamilton, Bart., the distinguished Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. He had concluded the winter season in his usual state of health, but an illness of a few days carried him off on the 6th instant. By his papers in the *Edinburgh Review*, Sir William Hamilton became known to philosophers on the Continent, and his fame abroad was very high. He was one of the corresponding members of the French Institute. In 1852, a volume, consisting chiefly of articles reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*, was published under the title of "Discussions in Philosophy, Literature, Education, and University Reform." A translation of this work has been widely circulated in France. For some years Sir William Hamilton was engaged in preparing an edition of the collected works of Dugald Stewart, the first volume of which appeared in 1854.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Opening of *La Cenerentola*—Alboni—Calzolari, &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA—LYCEUM.—*Il Conte Ory*. OLYMPIC.—*Retribution*: a Drama. By Tom Taylor, Esq.

STRAND.—Miss Esther Jacobs.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE has opened once more, and, although her Majesty did not deign to honour the occasion with her presence, it passed off with great éclat, and a happy omen to Mr. Lumley for the success of his experiment. Whether London has room for two opera establishments of first-rate magnitude is a question yet to be determined; but I have no doubt whatever that there is quite room enough for one magnificent house like her Majesty's Theatre, and one little exquisite *Opéra Comique*, such as Mr. Gye does well to make the Lyceum. I am glad to hear that there are sound reasons for believing that both adventures will be successful.

It is an excellent proof of the splendid fitness for its purpose of Her Majesty's Theatre that scarcely any repairs have been found necessary to put it in order after an uninterrupted *clôture* of three years. The walls and ceiling have, I hear, been merely washed, and the hangings have been taken out of their presses and dusted, and lo! the *salle* is as fresh and as splendid as ever. With regard to the yellow damask curtains, we almost wish the moths had got them; for, however calculated they may be to set off the appearance of the house *when empty*, they certainly tend to kill the effect of the most brilliant toilets, and do not by any means set the ladies off to the best advantage. However, taking it altogether, the *coup d'œil* was really magnificent; and, as the delighted eye roved over the rich beauties and vast proportions of the house, one only wondered that so noble a palace of art should, in a country like this, have ever been permitted to be closed. But it is once more open; thanks to the energy of Mr. Lumley and the liberality of a wealthy patron, it is open; and long may it remain so.

The evening of Saturday, the 10th inst., witnessed the opening ceremony, and a house densely crowded attested the interest of the public, and their desire to do honour to Mr. Lumley. It is true that her Majesty, being at Osborne, was absent from the opening of the theatre which bears her name; but the enthusiastic reception which the customary singing of "God save the Queen" met with from the audience proved that they suffered no diminution of their loyalty on that account. The opera selected for the opening was *Cenerentola*, and the hearty manner with which Mme. Alboni was greeted proved that an absence of five years from our boards has not lowered her in public estimation. Nor did her singing at all tend to modify that feeling. Her voice, always glorious and rich, has now taken the form of a magnificent soprano, and for fullness of tone and extraordinary range of compass is now more than ever one of the wonders of the singing world. The graceful and feeling music of the *Cenerentola*, so admirably suited to the display of her hearty and mellow style of delivery, acquired a new charm from her treatment of it; and if her reception at the commencement of the opera was friendly, her greeting at its close was enthusiastic in the highest degree. The encore, gracefully declined at an earlier part of the opera, was as gracefully accepted for the popular *aria* at its close, upon which the curtain fell amid a tumult of applause and a shower of bouquets and wreaths, which must have proved to the great *cantatrice* that her success was as great as it was genuine. Another old friend of the public in a new form was Signor Calzolari, who has risen from a very weak and unpromising singer into a very fine tenor. After

the first burst of surprise at the wonderfully improved quality of his voice, his progress, from the beginning of the opera to its close, was an uninterrupted career of triumph. The success of the two *débütants* of the evening, Signor Zaccione and Signor Beneventano, was rather more qualified. The former is a good actor, but no singer; and the latter is scarcely a third-rate basso. It is only fair, however, to record that Signor Beneventano was only occupying the place of Signor Belletti—a fact which might account for slips in the music, but will not excuse the absence of voice. Being unable to stay and see the ballet (of which I hear great accounts), I must defer my notice of it until the next number. The second opera on the list, for production to-night, is *Il Barbiere*.

Mr. Gye continues to produce with great success at the Lyceum the operas best suited to the capacities of the house. *Il Conte Ory* and *Lucrezia Borgia* have both appeared with great success.

The Olympic has ushered in Whitsuntide with a novelty by Mr. Tom Taylor, who seems to have definitely settled upon this company as the best suited to the production of his admirable dramas. The plot of *Retribution* is French without being French, for I have not been able to detect even the traces of an adaptation. Surely, however, in some forgotten heap of manuscripts, some sweepings of a French ex-manager's room, the materials for this curious piece must have been picked up. No one but a Frenchman could have conceived the idea of writing a play upon a story which turns upon an adultery, and where the injured husband resolves upon resorting to the *lex talionis* by taking his revenge in kind. Mr. Wigan has an excellent opportunity for a clever piece of character-acting in the injured husband, who becomes the Iago of the piece, and Mr. George Vining is the *roué* husband who has injured him. Miss Herbert, of whom I predicted great things when she made her *début* at the Strand Theatre, has realised the prophecy by creating quite a sensation as the wife of the latter, exhibiting an intensity of feeling and a deep knowledge of the picturesque which completely overcomes the innate fatuity of her rôle.

There is another *débütante* who deserves honourable mention—Miss Esther Jacobs, hitherto known as a concert singer of great merit. Miss Jacobs appeared upon the boards of the Strand theatre, in company with a Mr. Hugo Leon, otherwise known as Mr. Hugo Vamp, in a piece of that gentleman's composition. Of the piece and of the gentleman I prefer to say as little as possible—both were simply execrable; but Miss Jacobs has talent, has beauty, and has a fresh, clear voice, quite beyond the usual style of vocalisation in vaudevilles. Having made a beginning, it is to be hoped she will go on, and that the managers will give her an opportunity of displaying her talent upon a better stage and in a better part. With care and good advice, she will make a most valuable *comédienne*.

JACQUES.

THE "WINTER'S TALE" AT THE PRINCESS'S.—Mr. Charles Kean is unpopular with a portion of the press, for very sufficient reasons. He has, however, to set-off against his detractors two potent facts—first, that all the first-class periodicals, without an exception, are on his side; and, second, that the public is with him. Thus backed, he can afford to defy his foes. It is unnecessary to enter into the question whether his revivals are Shakspearian; whether the drama ought or ought not to be so decorated; whether the *Winter's Tale*, as he has produced it, is Shakspeare's or Kean's. Like every thing else, it must be judged upon its own merits; if it does well what it professes to do, and not, as some carping critics assert, if it does not do that which it is not designed to do. Mr. Kean has undertaken to bring before the public a gorgeous spectacle, illustrating ancient manners, costumes, and such like. Has he done this? If so, he is entitled to applause; and it is no ground for complaint against him that he has not made it something very different, which he did not purpose to make it. The unanimous verdict of the public is, that he has been entirely successful in his aim. Some critical persons choose to object to his aim, that it is a desecration of Shakspeare. On that point there may be a difference of opinion. They who don't like to see Shakspeare decorated need not go; but they who think that a somewhat dull drama is not only not duller, but, rather, made pleasant and attractive by the process to which it has been subjected, will go and see and enjoy it, and perhaps learn something into the bargain. It has been already described and reviewed in all the papers; so we will not repeat the description of it. Enough to say of it, that, as a spectacle, it is beyond all measure the most gorgeous and perfect that has ever been brought upon the stage. The trial scene is a marvel of art; the revels in the forest revive the pictures of Poussin. We like least the banquet scene—always excepting the Pyrrhic dance. The statue scene is exquisite. The allegorical pictures even surpass the famous visions in "Faust and Marguerite" and "King Henry VIII." But it is useless to enumerate; the best commentary is to advise all of our country readers who will visit London during the summer to go and see it. The play is undoubtedly in itself heavy. But the best is made of it by the admirable acting of Mr. Kean, and, above all, by the grace and dignity of Mrs. Kean's Hermione. Nor must we omit to applaud the charming

Perdita of Miss Leclerc, the lover-like warmth of Miss Heath, and the overflowing humour of Harley as Autolycus.

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SOUTHEY AND ALBEMARLE-STREET.—"I must tell you a good manoeuvre of the Bibliopole's. He proposes to give me fifty guineas if I will amplify the Wellington article a little, annex to it a full account of the late battle, and let him publish it within three weeks in one volume, like the 'Life of Nelson,' as a 'Life of Wellington,' and with my name. Now he knows very well that if he had *primâ facie* proposed to give me 150l. for a 'Life of Wellington,' I should not have listened to any such proposal. I might with good reason have considered it as a derogatory offer. But because, through my principle of doing things of this kind as well as I can without any reference to price or quantity, he got from me a fair 'Life of Nelson,' instead of a mere expansion of a paper in his *Review*; and thereby (though he paid me 200l. instead of 100l., which was the original offer for one volume) got from me for 200l. what I certainly would not have sold to him for 500l. had the thing been a straightforward business from the beginning—because he has dealt so thrivaly in one instance, he wanted to trepan me into this kind of bargain."—*Southey's Letters*, Vol. ii. p. 413.

ADVERTISEMENT.—The cessation of strife abroad opens the way for the peaceful triumphs of philanthropic enterprise at home; though victory has crowned our arms with success, in the beautiful language of Milton,

"Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war."

The people of this country will have the greatest support ever received in their noble struggle in the cause of self-education by the publication of Division I. of CASSELL'S POPULAR EDUCATION, price 1s., which is now ready. It is edited by Professor Wallace, and will contain a Course of Lessons in History, Grammar, Mathematics, Arithmetic, French, Music, Physiology, Latin, Botany, and Biography. Had Milton lived to see this day, he would have admitted that one victory was at least achieved worthy of his verse and of his praise. London: W. Kent and Co., 51 and 52, Paternoster-row, publishers of Cassell's educational works and the *Illustrated Family Paper*, and may be had of all booksellers.

MR. SPURGEON.—The following graphic sketch of the famous Baptist preacher is from a private letter. It describes a visit to him at Exeter:—"With some difficulty I succeeded in obtaining two tickets from a friend for the morning service at Bartholomew Chapel. How great a favour this was, you may imagine, when I tell you that, according to the local papers, the market price of the tickets rose at last to three guineas each. I went nearly an hour before the time announced for the commencement of the service, and even then could only get a second row in the gallery pews. Within ten minutes after I had taken my place, the chapel was literally crammed—but with a very curious congregation. A few minutes before eleven, and there was a general stir and sensation at the vestry-door, and a very young—almost boyish-looking—man, in black greatcoat and white necktie, made his way as well as he could through the dense crowd, smiling and bowing recognitions as he went along until he reached the pulpit-steps, and, finally, through the persons who sat on them, the pulpit. Here he paused, deliberately unbuttoned his black overcoat, and threw it across the side of the pulpit: the precursor (I suppose they term him) gave out a hymn, the congregation rose to sing it, and Mr. Spurgeon sat down. The hymn over, Mr. Spurgeon rose, and in a very clear, distinct, and, I must say, most musical voice, began an exhortation to prayer. This was very calm and solemn in its tone; but, ere he had got through the first ten sentences, he startled me by exclaiming—"Will some of my friends in the gallery there shut that window? I have preached in this chapel three times, and three times I have been almost baked to death, and now it seems I am to be frozen!"

The window shut, he resumed his exhortation, which was at times very beautiful, both in delivery and sentiment, and then proceeded to the prayer itself. This was a most singular melody. He prayed for the Queen, for all in authority, &c., and then went on, as nearly as I can recollect, thus:—"We pray, too, for all who have the care of Thy churches in this city—the true Bishops of Exeter—that they may be endowed with grace and a holy zeal in Thy cause; we likewise pray for him who unrighteously and unscripturally usurps the title of Bishop of Exeter, that, though it be at the eleventh hour, Thou wilt yet open his eyes to see the error of his ways, and give him the spirit of Christian love and charity!" After the prayer followed another hymn, then an exposition of a chapter in "the Gospel of Isaiah;" "for it is a gospel," exclaimed Mr. Spurgeon, "as much as those of Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John are gospels!" and then came the sermon. And this I really hardly know by what term to characterise. He alluded evidently in the earlier part of it to the hostile criticisms which had appeared against him, but which he evidently, too, considered to be unworthy of any answer by him. "Shall God's lions," he demanded, "turn out of their path in the mighty wilderness to pursue every snarling cur that yelps behind them? or shall the eagles of heaven, as they gaze with unwinking eye upon the dazzling sun, stoop from their soaring flight to rend the crows and kites beneath them?" Then followed a discourse upon the most mysterious of all the doctrines of Christianity, the separate and united offices of the three Persons of the Trinity in the work of atonement. Amid many fine illustrations, deep touches of pathos, and appeals of intense energy and feeling, one's sense of the fitting was considerably outraged by ludicrous anecdotes, comic dialogues—such for instance as one between himself an "awakened" Irish Roman Catholic labourer, which he gave in the richest Tipperary brogue and with wonderful humour, and the most laughable comparisons and expressions. I looked round to see what the effect of all this was upon the multitude he addressed; and, if it be the test of oratory to make the hearers feel and act as the speaker wishes, Spurgeon is, with all the drawbacks of bad taste, exaggeration, and want of judgment, still an orator. When he was pathetic, I saw not merely women, but stern-looking men, actually weep. When he told these ludicrous stories, you saw every countenance smile; and when, at the close of his peroration, he worked himself up into apparently the highest state of enthusiasm, the people could not be restrained, but rushed up, as he came down from the pulpit, to shake hands, and bless him in tones of emotion such as I could hardly reconcile with one's notions of the frigid temperament of an ordinary English crowd. As for Spurgeon's physique, he is short, with youthful whickerless face with great powers of expression; dark brown curling hair, good action in general, a voice of excellent quality and compass, and an utterance so distinct withal that you never lose a syllable. His fluency could not be excelled. During the two hours and a-half he was in the pulpit he never hesitated for a word. Altogether (though not in the sense Johnson used it of Burke) he is an extraordinary man.

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